Mrs. Abington in the Character of Lady Harriet.

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THE

FUNERAL;

OR,

GRIEF A-LA-MODE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Ut qui conducti plorant in funere dicunt,
Et faciunt propre plura dolentibus ex animo; sic
Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur. HOR.

Written by SIR RICHARD STEELE.

LONDON:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster-Row; and Sold, likewise, by J. WENMAN, Fleet-Street; and all other Booksellers.

M DCC LXXX.

PROLOGUE.

NATURE's deſerted, and dramatic art,
To dazzle now the eye, has left the heart;
Gay lights and dreſſes, long extended ſcenes,
Dæmons and angels moving in machines;
All that can now, or pleaſe, or fright the fair,
May be perform'd without a writer's care,
And is the ſkill of carpenter, not player.
Old Shakeſpeare's days could not thus far advance;
But what's his buſkin to our ladder-dance?
In the mid region a ſilk youth to ſtand,
With that unweildy engine at command!
Gorg'd with intemperate meals while here you ſit,
Well may you take activity for wit:
Fye, let confuſion on ſuch dulneſs ſeize;
Bluſh you're ſo pleas'd, as we that ſo we pleaſe.
But we, ſtill kind to your inverted ſenſe,
Do moſt unnatural things once more diſpenſe.
For ſince you're ſtill prepoſſ'rous in delight,
Our author made, a full houſe to invite,
A funereal comedy to-night.
Nor does he fear that you will take the hint.
And let the funeral his own be meant;
No, in Old England nothing can be won
Without a faction, good or ill be done;
To own this our frank author does not fear;
But hopes for a prevailing party here:
He knows b'has num'rous friends; nay, knows they'll
ſhew it,
And for the fellow-ſoldier ſave the poet.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by LORD HARDY.

LOVE, hope, and fear, deſire, averſion, rage,
All that can move the ſoul, or can aſſuage,
Are drawn in miniature of life, the ſtage.
Here you can view yourſelves, and here is ſhown,
To what you're born, in ſufferings not your own.
The ſtage to wiſdom's no fantaſtic way;
Athens herſelf learn'd virtue at a play.
Our author me, to-night, a ſoldier drew;
But faintly writ, what warmly you purſue:
To his great purpoſe, had he equal fire,
He'd not aim to pleaſe only, but inſpire;
He'd ſing what hovering fate attends our iſle,
And from baſe pleaſure rouſe to glorious toil.
Full time the earth t' a new deciſion brings,
While William gives the Roman eagle wings:
With arts and arms ſhall Britain ſurely end,
Which naked Picts ſo bravely could defend;
The painted heroes on th' invaders preſs,
And think their wounds addition to their dreſs:
In younger years we've been with conqueſt bleſs'd,
And Paris has the Britiſh yoke confeſs'd;
Is't then in England, in bleſs'd England, known,
Her kings are nam'd from a revolted throne?
But we offend—You no examples need;
In imitation of yourſelves proceed;
'Tis you your country's honour muſt ſecure;
Be all your actions worthy of Namure:
With gentle fires your gallantry improve;
Courage is brutal, if untouch'd with love.
If ſoon our utmoſt bravery's not diſplay'd,
Think that bright circle muſt be captives made:
Let thoughts of ſaving them our toils beguile,
And they reward our labours with a ſmile.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

LORD BRUMPTON.
LORD HARDY, Son to Lord Brumpton.
Mr. CAMPLEY.
Mr. TRUSTY, Steward to Lord Brumpton.
CABINET.
Mr. SABLE, an Undertaker.
PUZZLE, a Lawyer.
TRIM, Servant to Lord Hardy.
TOM, the Lawyer's Clerk.

WOMEN.

LADY BRUMPTON.
LADY CHARLOT, an Orphan, left in ward to Lord Brumpton.
LADY HARRIOT, her Siſter.
MADEMOISELLE D'EPINGLE.
TATTLEAID.
Mrs. FARDINGALE.
KATE MATCHLOCK.
Viſitant Ladies, Sable's Servants, Recruits, &c.

SCENE, COVENT-GARDEN.

THE

FUNERAL.

ACT I.

Enter Cabinet, Sable, *and* Campley.

Cab. I Burſt into laughter. I can't bear to ſee writ over an undertaker's door, dreſſes for the dead, and neceſſaries for funerals! ha! ha! ha!

Sab. Well, gentlemen, 'tis very well, I know you are of the laughers, the wits that take the liberty to deride all things that are magnificent and ſolemn.

Cab. But how could you dream of making a fortune from ſo chimerical a foundation, as the proviſion of things wholly needleſs and infignificant?

Sab. Alas, Sir, the value of all things under the ſun is merely fantaſtic: we run, we ſtrive, and purchaſe things with our blood and money, quite foreign to our intrinſic real happineſs, and which have a being in imagination only, as you may ſee by the pother that is made about precedence, titles, court-favour, maidenheads, and china-ware.

Cam. Aye, Mr. Sable, but all thoſe are objects that promote our joy, are bright to the eye, or ſtamp upon our minds pleaſure and ſelf-ſatisfaction.

Sab. You are extremely miſtaken, Sir; for one would wonder, to conſider that after all our outcries againſt ſelf-intereſted men, there are few, very few in the whole world, that live to themſelves, but ſacrifice their boſom-bliſs to enjoy a vain ſhow and appearance of proſperity in the eyes of others; and there is often nothing more inwardly diſtreſs'd, than a young bride in her glittering retinue, or deeply joyful, than a young widow in her weeds and black train; of both which, the lady of this houſe may be an inſtance; for ſhe has been the one, and is, I'll be ſworn, the other.

Cab. You talk, Mr. Sable, moſt learnedly.

Sab. I have the deepeſt learning, Sir, experience: remember your widow-couſin, that married laſt month.

Cab. Aye, but how cou'd you imagine ſhe was in all that grief an hypocrite! could all thoſe ſhrieks, thoſe ſwoonings, that riſing, falling boſom, be conſtrain'd? You're uncharitable, Sable, to believe it; what colour, what reaſon had you for it?

Sab. Firſt, Sir, her carriage in her concerns with me, for I never yet could meet with a ſorrowful relict, but was herſelf enough to make a hard bargain with me. Yet I muſt confeſs they have frequent interruptions of grief and ſorrow when they read my bill; but as for her, nothing, ſhe reſolv'd, that look'd bright or joyous, ſhould after her love's death approach her. All her ſervants that were not coal black muſt turn out; a fair complexion made her eyes and heart ache, ſhe'd none but downright jet, and to exceed all example, ſhe hir'd my mourning furniture by the year, and in caſe of my mortality ty'd my ſon to the ſame article; ſo in ſix weeks time ran away with a young fellow—Pr'ythee, puſh on briſkly, Mr. Cabinet, now is your time to have this widow, for Tattelaid tells me, ſhe always ſaid ſhe'd never marry——

Cab. As you ſay, that's generally the moſt hopeful ſign.

Sab. I tell you, Sir, 'tis an infallible one; you know thoſe profeſſions are only to introduce diſcourſe of matrimony and young fellows.

Cab. But I ſwear I could not have confidence to mention a thing of ſuch a nature ſo unſeaſonably——

Sab. Unſeaſonably! why I tell you 'tis the only ſeaſon (granting her ſorrow unfeign'd:) when would you ſpeak of paſſion, but in the midſt of paſſions? there's a what d'ye call, a criſis—the lucky minute, that's ſo talk'd of, is a moment between joy and grief, which you muſt take hold of, and puſh your fortune. But get you in, and you'll beſt read your fate in the reception Mrs. Tattleaid gives you: all ſhe ſays, and all ſhe does, nay, her very love and hatred are mere repetitions of her ladyſhip's paſſions: I'll ſay that for her, ſhe's a true lady's woman, and is herſelf as much a ſecond-hand thing, as her clothes. But I muſt beg your pardon, Sir, my people are come, I ſee—— [*Exit* Cabinet.

Enter Sable's *Men.*

Where, in the name of goodneſs, have you all been! have you brought the ſaw-duſt and tar for embalming? have you the hangings and the ſixpenny nails, and my lord's coat of arms?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Yes, Sir, and had come ſooner, but I went to the herald's for a coat for Alderman Gathergreaſe that died laſt night—he has promiſed to invent one againſt to-morrow.

Sab. Ah! pox take ſome of our cits, the firſt thing after their death is to take care of their birth—pox, let him bear a pair of ſtockings, he is the firſt of his family that ever wore one; well, come you that are to be mourners in this houſe, put on your ſad looks, and walk by me that I may ſort you. Ha, you! a little more upon the diſmal.——[*Forming their countenances.*]——This fellow has a good mortal look—place him near the corſe: that wainſcot face muſt be o'top of the ſtairs; that fellow's almoſt in a fright (that looks as if he were full of ſome ſtrange miſery) at the entrance of the hall—So—but I'll fix you all myſelf—Let's have no laughing now on any provocation. [*Makes faces.*] Look yonder, that hale well-looking puppy!—You ungrateful ſcoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's ſervice, and ſhew you the

pleasure of receiving wages? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a week, to be sorrowful? and the more I give you, I think, the gladder you are.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the grave-digger of St. Timothy's in the Fields would speak with you.

Sab. Let him come in.

Enter Grave-digger.

Grav. I carried home to your house the shroud the gentleman was buried in last night; I could not get his ring off very easily, therefore I brought you the finger and all; and, Sir, the sexton gives his service to you, and desires to know whether you'd have any bodies removed or not: if not, he'll let them lie in their graves a week longer.

Sab. Give him my service; I can't tell readily: but our friend, tell him, Dr. Passeport, with the powder, has promised me six or seven funerals this week.—And you, Mr. Blockhead, I warrant you have not called at Mr. Pestle's the apothecary: will that fellow never pay me? I stand bound for all the poison in that starving murderer's shop: he serves me just as Dr. Quibus did, who promised to write a treatise against water-gruel, a damn'd healthy slop, that has done me more injury than all the faculty: look you now, you are all upon the sneer, let me have none but downright stupid countenances—I've a good mind to turn you all off, and take people out of the play-house; but hang them, they are as ignorant of their parts as you are of yours; they never act but when they speak; when the chief indication of the mind is in the gesture, or indeed in case of sorrow, in no gesture, except you were to act a widow, or so.—But yours, you dolts, is all in dumb show, dumb show. I mean expressive elegant shows: as who can see such an horrid ugly phiz as that fellow's, and not be shocked, offended, and killed of all joy while he beholds it? But we must not loiter—Ye stupid rogues, whom I have picked out of the rubbish of mankind, and fed for your eminent worthlessness, attend, and know that I speak you this moment stiff and immutable to all sense of noise, mirth or laughter. [*Makes mouths at them as they pass by him, to bring them to a constant countenance.*] So, they are pretty well—pretty well——

Enter Trusty *and* Lord Brumpton.

Trust. 'Twas fondness, Sir, and tender duty to you, who have been so worthy and so just a master to me, made me stay near you; they left me so, and there I found you weak from your lethargic slumber; on which I will assume an authority to beseech you, Sir, to make just use of your revived life, in seeing who are your true friends, and knowing her who has so wrought upon your noble nature, as to make it act against itself in disinheriting your brave son.

Ld. B. Sure 'tis impossible she should be such a creature as you tell me—My mind reflects upon ten thousand endearments that plead unanswerable for her: her chaste reluctant love, her easy observance of all my wayward humours, to which she would accomodate herself with so much ease, I could scarce observe it was a virtue in her; she hid her very patience.

Trust. It was all art, Sir, or indifference to you; for what I say is downright matter of fact.

Ld. B. Why didst thou ever tell me it! or why not in my life-time, for I must call it so, nor can I date a minute mine, after her being false; all past that moment is death and darkness: why didst thou not tell me then, I say?

Trust. Because you were too much in love with her to be inform'd; nor did I ever know a man that touched on conjugal affairs could ever reconcile the jarring humours, but in a common hatred of the intermeddler: but on this most extraordinary occasion, which seems pointed out by Heaven itself to disengage you from your cruelty and banishment of an innocent child. I must, I will conjure you to be concealed, and but contain yourself in hearing one discourse with that cursed instrument of all her secrets, that Tattleaid, and you will see what I tell you; you will call me then your guardian and good genius.

Ld. B. Well, you shall govern me, but would I had died in earnest ere I had known it; my head swims, as it did when I fell into my fit, at the thoughts of it.—All human life's a mere vertigo!

Trust. Aye, aye, my lord, fine reflections, fine reflections, but that does no business. Thus, Sir, we'll stand concealed, and hear, I doubt not, a much sincerer dialogue than usual between vicious persons; for a late accident has given a little jealousy, which makes them over-act their love and confidence in each other. [*They retire. Enter* Widow *and* Tattleaid *meeting, and running to each other.*

Wid. Oh, Tattleaid! his and our hour is come!

Tat. I always said by his church-yard cough, you'd bury him, but still you were impatient——

Wid. Nay, thou hast ever been my comfort, my confident, my friend, and my servant; and now I'll reward thy pains; for tho' I scorn the whole sex of fellows, I'll give them hopes for thy sake; every smile, every frown, every gesture, humour, caprice and whimsey of mine, shall be gold to thee, girl; thou shalt feel all the sweets and wealth of being a fine rich widow's woman. Oh! how my head runs my first year out, and jumps to all the joys of widowhood! if thirteen months hence a friend should haul one to a play one has a mind to see, what pleasure 'twill be, when my Lady Brumpton's footman called (who kept a place for that very purpose) to make a sudden insurrection of fine wigs in the pit and side-boxes. Then, with a pretty sorrow in one's face, and a willing blush for being stared at, one ventures to look round, and bow to one of one's quality. Thus [*Very directly.*] to a snug pretending fellow of no fortune. Thus [*As scarce seeing him.*] to one that writes lampoons. Thus [*Fearfully.*] to one that really loves. Thus [*Looking down.*] to one woman acquaintance; from box to box thus: [*With looks differently familiar.*] and when one has done one's part, observe the actors do theirs, but with my mind fixed not on those I look at, but those that look at me.——Then the serenades! the lovers!

Tat. Oh, Madam, you make my heart bound within me: I'll warrant you, Madam, I'll manage them all; and indeed, Madam, the men are really very silly creatures, 'tis no such hard matter—They rulers! they governers! I warrant you, indeed!

Wid. Aye, Tattleaid, they imagine themselves mighty things, but government founded on force only, is a brutal power—We rule them by their affections, which blinds them into belief that they rule us, or at least are in the government with us—But in this nation our power is absolute. I laugh to see men go on our errands, strut in great offices, live in cares, hazards and scandals, to come home and be fools to us in brags of their dispatches, negotiations, and their wisdoms—as my good dear deceas'd used to entertain me; which I, to relieve myself from—would lisp some silly request, pat him on the face—He shakes his head at my pretty folly,

calls me simpleton; gives me a jewel, then goes to bed so wise, so satisfied, and so deceiv'd!——

Tat. But I protest, Madam, I've always wond'red how you could accomplish my young lord's being disinherited.

Wid. Why, Tatty, you must know my late lord—how prettily that sounds, my late lord! but I say, my late Lord Fribble was generosity—I press'd him there, and whenever you, by my order, had told him stories to my son-in-law's disadvantage, in his rage and resentment, I (whose interest lay otherwise) always fell on my knees to implore his pardon, and with tears, sighs and importunities for him prevailed against him: besides this, you know I had, when I pleased, fits. Fits are a mighty help in the government of a good-natured man: but in an ill-natured fellow have a care of them—he'll hate you for natural infirmities; will remember your face in it's distortion, and not value your return of beauty.

Tat. O rare Madam! your ladyship's a great head-piece. But now, Madam, a fine young gentleman with a red coat, that dances——

Wid. You may be sure the happy man (if it be in fate that there is a happy man to make me an unhappy woman) shall not be an old one again. Age and youth married is the cruelty in Dryden's Virgil, where Mezentius ties the dead and living together; I'm sure I was tied to a dead man many a long day before I durst bury him—But the day is now my own—Yet now I think on't, Tattleaid, be sure to keep an obstinate shyness to all our old acquaintance.

Tat. Aye, Madam—I believe, Madam—I speak, Madam, but my humble sense—Mr. Cabinet would marry you.

Wid. Marry me! No, Tattleaid, he that is so mean as to marry a woman after an affair with her, will be so base as to upbraid that very weakness.—Such a pair must sure live in a secret mutual scorn of each other.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A gentleman to Mrs. Tattleaid——

[*Exit* Tattleaid.

Wid. Go to him—Bless me, how careless and open have I been to this subtle creature in the case of Cabinet; she's certainly in his interests—We people of condition are never guarded enough against those about us. They watch when our minds boil over with joy or grief, to come in upon us. How miserable it is to have one one hates always about one, and when one can't endure one's own reflection upon some actions, who can bear the thoughts of another upon them? but she has me by deep secrets.—Well, what's the matter, dear Tatty——

Enter Tattleaid.

Tat. The matter, Madam! why, Madam, Counsellor Puzzle is come to wait on your ladyship about the will and the conveyance of the estate——there must, it seems, be no time lost for fear of things; fye, fye, Madam, you a widow these three hours, and not look'd on a parchment yet—Oh, impious! to neglect the will of the dead!

Wid. As you say indeed, there is no will of a husband's so willingly obeyed as his last. But I must go in, and receive him in my formalities; leaning on a couch is as necessary a posture, as his going behind his desk when he speaks to a client—But do you bring him in hither till I am ready—— [*Exit.*

Tat. Mr. Counsellor, Mr. Counsellor——

[*Calling.*

Enter Puzzle *and* Clerk.

Puz. Servant, good Madam Tattleaid, my ancient friend is gone, but business must be minded—

Tat. I told my lady twice or thrice, as she lies in dumb grief on the couch within, that you were here, but she regarded me not; however, since you say it is of such moment, I'll venture to introduce you: please but to repose here a little, while I step in; for methinks I would a little prepare her.

[*Exit* Tattleaid.

Puz. Alas! alas! poor lady!

Damn'd hypocrites! well, this nobleman's death is a little sudden: therefore pray let me recollect; open the bag, good Tom. Now, Tom, thou art my nephew, my dear sister Kate's only son, and my heir, therefore I will conceal from thee on no occasion any thing; for I would enter thee into business as soon as possible. Know then, child, that the lord of this house was one of your men of honour, and sense, who lose the latter in the former, and are apt to take all men to be like themselves: now this gentleman intirely trusted me, and I made the only use a man of business can of a trust, I cheated him; for I imperceptibly, before his face, made his whole estate liable to an hundred per annum for myself, for good services, &c. As for legacies, they are good or not, as I please; for let me tell you, a man must take pen, ink, and paper, sit down by an old fellow, and pretend to take directions; but a true lawyer never makes any man's will but his own; and as the priest of old among us got near the dying men, and gave all to the church, so now the lawyer gives all to the law.

Clerk. Aye, Sir, but priests then cheated the nation by doing their offices in an unknown language.

Puz. True—but ours is a way much surer; for we cheat in no language at all, but loll in our own coaches, eloquent in gibberish, and learned in jingle. Pull out the parchment; there's the deed; I made it as long as I could—— Well, I hope to see the day, when the indenture shall be the exact measure of the land that passes by it; for 'tis a discouragement to the gown, that every ignorant rogue of an heir should in a word or two understand his father's meaning, and hold ten acres of land by half an acre of parchment—Nay, I hope to see the time when, by the improvement of the noble art of tautology, every inn in Holborn shall be an inn of court. Let others think of logic, rhetoric, and I know not what impertinence, but mind thou tautology—What's the first excellence in a lawyer? Tautology. What's the second? Tautology. What's the third? Tautology: as an old pleader said of action. But to turn to the deed; [*Pulls out an immeasurable parchment.*] by the way, Tom, do you know the true meaning of the word a deed?

Clerk. Aye, Sir, as if a man should say the deed.

Puz. Right; 'tis emphatically so called, because after it all deeds and actions are of no effect, and you have nothing to do but hang yourself——the only obliging thing you can then do. But I was telling you the use of tautology—Read toward the middle of that instrument.

Clerk. [*Reads.*] "I the said Earl of Brumpton, do give, bestow, grant and bequeath, over and above the said premisses, all the site and capital messuage called by the name of Oatham, and all outhouses, barns, stables, and other edifices and buildings, yards, orchards, gardens, fields, arbors, trees, lands, earths, meadows, greens, pastures, feedings, woods, underwoods, ways, waters, watercourses, fishing-ponds, pools, commons, common of pasture, paths, heath-thickets, profits, commodities, and emoluments, with their and every of their appurtenances whatsoever, to the said capital messuage and

site belonging, or in any wise appertaining, or with the same heretofore used, occupied or enjoyed, accepted, executed, known, or taken as part, parcel, or member of the same; containing in the whole, by estimation, four hundred acres of the large measure, or thereabouts, be the same more or less; all and singular which the said site, capital messuage, and other the premisses, with their and every of their appurtenances, are situate, lying and being——"

Puz. Hold, hold, good Tom; you do come on indeed in business, but don't use your nose enough in reading—[*Reads in a ridiculous low tone till out of breath.*]—Why, you're quite out; you read to be understood—let me see it——I the said earl—Now again, suppose this were to be in Latin—[*Runs into Latin terminations.*]—making Latin is only making it no English—*Ego prædict*—*Comes de Brumpton*—*totas meas barnes*—*outbousas & stabulas*—*yardos*——But there needs no farther perusal. I now recollect the whole—my lord, by this instrument, disinherits his son utterly; gives all to my lady; and moreover, grants the wards of two fortune wards to her; *id est*, to be sold by her; which is the subject of my business to her ladyship. who, methinks, a little overdoes the affair of grief, in letting me wait thus long on such welcome articles——But here——

Enter Tattleaid, *wiping her Eyes.*

Tat. I have, in vain, done all I can to make her regard me. Pray, Mr. Puzzle, you're a man of sense, come in yourself, and speak reason, to bring her to some consideration of herself, if possible.

Puz. Tom, I'll come down to the hall to you; dear Madam, lead on.

[*Exit* Clerk *one way*, Puz. *and* Tat. *another.*

Lord Brumpton *and* Trusty *advance from their concealment after a long Pause, and staring at each other.*

Ld. B. Trusty, on thy sincerity, on thy fidelity to me, thy friend, thy patron, and thy master, answer me directly to one question—Am I really alive? Am I that identical, that numerical, that very same Lord Brumpton, that——

Trust. That very lord—that very Lord Brumpton, the very generous, honest, and good Lord Brumpton, who spent his strong and riper years with honour and reputation; but in his age of decay declined from virtue also: that very Lord Brumpton, who buried a fine lady, who brought him a fine son, who is a fine gentleman; but in his age, that very man, unseasonably captivated with youth and beauty, married a very fine young lady, who has dishonoured his bed, disinherited his brave son, and dances o'er his grave.

Ld. B. Oh, that damned tautologist too!—that Puzzle, and his irrevocable deed! [*Pausing.*] Well, I know I do not really live, but wander o'er the place where once I had a treasure—I'll haunt her, Trusty, gaze in that false beauteous face, till she tremble, till she looks pale, nay, till she blushes—

Trust. Aye, aye, my lord, you speak a ghost very much; there's flesh and blood in that expression—that false beauteous face!——

Ld. B. Then, since you see my weakness, be a friend, and arm me with all your care, and all your reason——

Trust. If you'll condescend to let me direct you, you shall cut off this rotten limb, this false, disloyal wife, and save your noble parts, your son, your family, your honour.

Short is the date in which ill acts prevail,
But honesty's a rock can never fail.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Lord Hardy.

NOW, indeed, I am utterly undone——but to expect an evil softens the weight of it when it happens; and pain, no more than pleasure, is in reality so great as in expectation. But what will become of me? How shall I keep myself even above worldly want? Shall I live at home, a stiff, melancholy, poor man of quality; grow uneasy to my acquaintance as well as myself, by fancying I am slighted where I am not; with all the thousand particularities which attend those whom low fortune and high spirit make malecontents? No! we have a brave prince on the throne, whose commission I bear, and a glorious war in an honest cause approaching. [*Clapping his hand on his sword.*] in which this shall cut out bread for me, and may, perhaps, equal that estate to which my birth entitled me—But what to do in present pressures——Ha, Trim!

[*Calling.*

Enter Trim.

Trim. My lord.

Ld. H. How do the poor rogues that are to recruit my company?

Trim. Do, Sir! They have eat you to your last guinea.

Ld. H. Were you at the agent's?

Trim. Yes.

Ld. H. Well, and how?

Trim. Why, Sir, for your arrears, you may have eleven shillings in the pound; but he'll not touch your growing subsistence under three shillings in the pound interest; besides which, you must let his clerk, Jonathan Item, swear the peace against you, to keep you from duelling; or insure your life, which you may do for eight *per cent.* On these terms he'll oblige you, which he would not do for any body else in the regiment; but he has a friendship for you.

Ld. H. Oh, I am his humble servant' but he must have his own terms; we can't starve, nor must the fellows want. But methinks this a calm midnight; I have heard no duns to-day.

Trim. Duns, my lord! Why, now your father's dead, and they can't arrest you, I shall grow a little less upon the smooth with them than I have been. Why, friend, says I, how often must I tell you my lord is not stirring? His lordship has not slept well, you must come some other time; your lordship will send for him when you are at leisure to look upon money affairs; or if they are so saucy, so impertinent as to press a man of your quality for their own, there are canes, there's Bridewell, there's the stocks for your ordinary tradesmen; but to an haughty, thriving, Covent-Garden mercer, silk or lacemen, your lordship gives your most humble service to him, hopes his wife is well; you have letters to write, or you would see him yourself, but you desire he would be with you punctually on such a day, that is to say, the day after you are gone out of town.

Ld. H. Go, sirrah, you are scurrilous; I won't believe there are such men of quality—d'ye hear, give my service, this afternoon, to Mr. Cutpurse, the agent, and tell him I am obliged to pay him for his readiness to serve me, for I am resolved to pay my debts forthwith—[*A voice without.*]—I don't know whether he is within or not.—Mr. Trim, is my lord within?

Ld. H. Trim, see who it is; I am not within, you know—— [*Exit* Trim.

Trim. [*Without.*] Yes, Sir, my lord is above; pray, walk up——

Ld. H. Who can it be! He owns me too!

Enter Campley *and* Trim.

—Dear Tom Campley, this is kind——You are an extraordinary man indeed, who, in the ſudden acceſſion of a noble fortune, can ſtill be yourſelf, and viſit your leſs happy friends.

Cam. No, you are, my lord, the extraordinary man, who, on the loſs of an almoſt princely fortune, can be maſter of a temper that makes you the envy, rather than pity of your more fortunate, not more happy friends.

Ld. H. Oh, Sir, your ſervant!—But let me gaze on thee a little—I han't ſeen thee ſince we came home into England——moſt exactly, negligently, genteely dreſſed—I know there is more than ordinary in this. [*Beating* Campley's *breaſt.*] Come, confeſs who ſhares with me here—I muſt have her real and poetical name——Come, ſhe is in ſonnet, Cynthia; in proſe, miſtreſs——

Cam. One you little dream of; tho' ſhe is in a manner of your placing there.

Ld. H. My placing there!——

Cam. Why, my lord, all the fine things you have ſaid to me in the camp, of my Lady Charlot, your father's ward, ran in my head ſo very much, that I made it my buſineſs to become acquainted in that family, which I did by Mr. Cabinet's means, and am now in love in the ſame place with your lordſhip.

Ld. H. How! in love in the ſame place with me, Mr. Campley?

Cam. Aye, my lord, with t'other ſiſter, with t'other ſiſter.

Ld. H. What a dunce was I, not to know which, without your naming her! Why, thou art the only man breathing fit to deal with her—But my Lady Charlot; there's a woman!—ſo eaſily virtuous; ſo agreeably ſevere; her motion ſo unaffected, yet ſo compoſed; her lips breathe nothing but truth, good ſenſe, and flowing wit.

Cam. Lady Harriot; there's the woman! ſuch life, ſuch ſpirit, ſuch warmth in her eyes; ſuch a lively commanding air in her glances; ſo ſprightly a mien, that carries in it the triumph of conſcious beauty. Her lips are made of gum and balm——There is ſomething in that dear girl that fires my blood above—above—above——

Ld. H. Above what?

Cam. A grenadier's march.

Ld. H. A ſoft ſimile, I muſt confeſs—But, oh, that Charlot! to recline this aching head, full of care, on that tender, ſnowy, faithful boſom——

Cam. Oh, that Harriot! to embrace that beauteous——

Ld. H. Aye, Tom; but methinks your head runs too much on the wedding-night only, to make your happineſs laſting: mine is fixed on the married ſtate—But tell me, I wonder how you make your approaches in beſieging ſuch a ſort of creature; ſhe that loves addreſſes, gallantry, fiddles; that reigns and delights in a croud of admirers. If I know her, ſhe is one of thoſe you may eaſily have a general acquaintance with, but hard to make particular.

Cam. You underſtand her very well—You muſt know, I put her out of all her play, by carrying it in a humorous manner; I took care, in all my actions, before I diſcovered the lover, that ſhe ſhould, in general, have a good opinion of me; and have ever ſince behaved myſelf with all the good-humour and eaſe I was able; ſo that ſhe is now extremely at a loſs how to throw me from the familiarity of an acquaintance, into the diſtance of a lover; but I laugh her out of it; when ſhe begins to frown, and look grave at my mirth, I mimic her till ſhe burſts out a laughing——

Ld. H. That's ridiculous enough.

Cam. By Cabinet's intereſt over my Lady Brumpton, with gold and flattery to Mrs. Fardingale, an old maid her ladyſhip has placed about the young ladies, I have eaſy acceſs at all times, and am this very day to be admitted by her into their apartment.—I have found, you muſt know, that ſhe is my relation.

Ld. H. Her ladyſhip has choſe an odd companion for young ladies.

Cam. Oh, my lady's a politician. But, as I was ſaying, I have ſent my Couſin Fardingale a ſong, which ſhe and I are to practiſe to the ſpinnet—The young ladies will be by, and I am to be left alone with Lady Harriot; then I deſign to make my grand attack, and to-day win or loſe her. I know, Sir, this is an opportunity you want—If you'll meet me at Tom's, have a letter ready, I will, myſelf, deliver it to your miſtreſs, conduct you into the houſe, and tell her you are there, and find means to place you together. You muſt march under my command to-day, as I have many a one under yours.

Ld. H. But, faith, Tom, I ſhall not behave myſelf with half the reſolution you have under mine; for, to confeſs my weakneſs, though I know ſhe loves me, though I know ſhe is as ſtedfaſtly mine, as her heart can make her, I know not how, I have ſo ſublime an idea of her high value, and ſuch a melting tenderneſs diſſolves my whole frame when I am near her, that my tongue faulters, my nerves ſhake, and my heart ſo alternately ſinks and riſes, that my premeditated reſolves vaniſh into confuſion, down-caſt eyes, and broken utterance——

Cam. Ha, ha, ha! this in a campaigner too! Why, my lord, that's the condition Harriot would have me in, and then ſhe thinks ſhe could have me; but I, that know her better than ſhe does herſelf, know ſhe would inſult me, and lead me a two years dance longer, and, perhaps, in the end, turn me into the herd of the many neglected men of better ſenſe, who have been ridiculous for her ſake—But I ſhall make her no ſuch ſacrifice. 'Tis well my Lady Charlot's a woman of ſo ſolid an underſtanding; I don't know another that would not uſe you ill for your high value.

Ld. H. But, Tom, I muſt ſee your ſong you have ſent your Couſin Fardingale, as you call her.

Cam. This is lucky enough—[*Aſide.*]—No, hang it, my lord, a man makes ſo filly a figure when his verſes are reading—Trim, thou haſt not left off thy loving and thy rhyming; Trim's a critic; I remember him a ſervitor at Oxon: [*Gives a paper to* Trim.] I give myſelf into his hands, becauſe you ſhan't ſee them till I am gone—My lord, your ſervant—you ſhan't ſtir.

Ld. H. Nor you neither, then. [*Struggling.*

Cam. You will be obeyed.

[*Exeunt*; Lord Hardy *waits on him down.*

Trim. What is in this ſong—Ha!—don't my eyes deceive me!—A bill of three hundred pounds!

[*Reads.*

" Mr. Caſh,

" Pray pay to Mr. William Trim, or bearer, the ſum of three hundred pounds, and place it to the accompt of, Sir, your humble ſervant,

THOMAS CAMPLEY."

[*Pulling off his hat, and bowing.*] Your very humble ſervant, good Mr. Campley. Aye, this is poetry: this is a ſong indeed—Faith, I'll ſet it, and ſing it myſelf——Pray pay to Mr. William Trim—So far in recitative—Three hundred—[*Singing ri-*

diculously.]—hun—dred—hundred—Hundred trice repeated, becauſe 'tis three hundred pounds: I love repetitions in muſic, when there is a good reaſon for it—Po—ds after the Italian manner. If they would bring me ſuch ſenſible words as theſe, I would out-ſtrip all your compoſers for the muſic prize. This was honeſtly done of Mr. Campley: though I have carried him many a purſe from my maſter, when he was enſign to our company in Flanders.

Enter Lord Hardy.

—My lord, I am your lordſhip's humble ſervant.

Ld. H. Sir, your humble ſervant: But, pray, my good familiar friend, how came you to be ſo very much my humble ſervant all of a ſudden?

Trim. I beg pardon, dear Sir; my lord, I am not your humble ſervant.

Ld. H. No?

Trim. Yes, my lord, I am; but not as you mean. But I am—I am, my lord——In ſhort, I am overjoyed.

Ld. H. Overjoyed! thou art diſtracted—What ails the fellow? Where is Campley's ſong?

Trim. Oh, my lord, one would not think it was in him! Mr. Campley is really a very great poet—As for the ſong, it is only as they all end in rhyme—owe, woe; iſſes, kiſſes; boy, joy—but, my lord, the other is long heroic blank verſe——[*Reading it with a great tone.*] Pray pay to Mr. William Trim, or order, the ſum of—How ſweetly it runs!—Pactolian guineas chink in every line.

Ld. H. How very handſomely this was done in Campley! I wondered, indeed, he was ſo willing to ſhew his verſes. In how careleſs a manner that fellow does the greateſt actions!

Trim. My lord, pray, my lord, ſhan't I go immediately to Cutpurſe's?

Ld. H. No, ſirrah; now we have no occaſion for it.

Trim. No, my lord, only to ſtare him full in the face after I have received this money, not ſay a word, but keep my hat on, and walk out: or, perhaps, not hear, if any I meet with ſpeak to me; but grow ſtiff, deaf, and ſhort-ſighted to all my old acquaintance, like a ſudden rich man as I am; or, perhaps, my lord, deſire Cutpurſe's clerk to let me leave fifty pounds at their houſe, payable to Mr. William Trim, or order—till I come that way—or a month or two hence, may have occaſion for it——I don't know what bills may be drawn upon me——Then, when the clerk begins to ſtare at me, till he pulls the great gooſe quil from behind his ear. [*Pulls a handful of farthings out.*] I fall a reckoning the pieces, as I do theſe farthings.

Ld. H. Well, ſirrah, you may have your humour, but be ſure you take fourſcore pounds, and pay my debts immediately—if you meet any officer you ever ſee me in company with, that looks grave at Cutpurſe's houſe, tell him I'd ſpeak with him——We muſt help our friends——But learn moderation, you rogue, in your good fortune; be at home all the evening after, while I wait at Tom's to meet Campley, in order to ſee Lady Charlot——

My good or ill in her alone is found,
And in that thought all other cares are drown'd.

[*Exit.*

Trim. Oh dear, dear, three hundred pounds.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sable, Lord Brumpton *and* Truſty.

Sab. Why, my lord, you can't in conſcience put me off ſo; I muſt do according to my orders, cut you up, and embalm you, except you'll come down a little deeper than you talk of; you don't conſider the charges I have been at already.

Ld. B. Charges! for what?

Sab. Firſt, twenty guineas to my lady's woman, for notice of your death (a fee I've before now known the widow herſelf go halves in) but no matter for that——in the next place, ten pounds for watching you all your long fit of ſickneſs laſt winter——

Ld. B. Watching me? Why I had none but my own ſervants by turns.

Sab. I mean attending to give notice of your death. I had all your long fit of ſickneſs laſt winter at half a crown day, a fellow waiting at your gate to bring me intelligence, but you unfortunately recovered, and I loſt all my obliging pains for your ſervice.

Ld. B. Ha, ha, ha! Sable, thou'rt a very impudent fellow. Half a crown a day to attend my deceaſe; and doſt thou reckon it to me?

Sab. Look you, gentlemen, don't ſtand ſtaring at me—I have a book at home, which I call my doomſday book, where I have every man of quality's age and diſtemper in town, and know when you ſhould drop—Nay, my lord, if you had reflected upon your mortality half ſo much as poor I have for you, you would not deſire to return to life thus—in ſhort, I cannot keep this a ſecret, under the whole money I am to have for burying you.

Ld. B. Truſty, if you think it ſafe in you to obey my orders after the deed Puzzle told his clerk of, pay it him——

Truſt. I ſhould be glad to give it out of my own pocket, rather than be without the ſatisfaction of ſeeing you witneſs to it.

Ld. B. I heartily believe thee, dear Truſty——

Sab. Then, my lord, the ſecret of your being alive is now ſafe with me.

Truſt. I'll warrant I'll be reveng'd of this unconſcionable dog——[*Aſide.*] My lord, you muſt to your cloſet—I fear ſomebody's coming——

[*Exeunt* Sable *one way, and* Ld. B. *and* Truſty *another.*

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Lady Charlot *reading at a Table*—Lady Harriot *playing at a Glaſs to and fro, and viewing herſelf.*

L. Har. Nay, good ſage ſiſter, you may as well talk to me, [*Looking at herſelf as ſhe ſpeaks.*] as ſit ſtaring at a book which I know you can't attend—Good Dr. Lucas may have writ there what he pleaſes, but there's no putting Francis Lord Hardy, now Earl of Brumpton, out of your head, or making him abſent from your eyes. Do but look at me now, and deny it if you can.

L. Char. You are the maddeſt girl—— [*Smiling.*

L. Har. Look ye, I knew you could not ſay it, and forbear laughing—[*Looking over* Charlot.] Oh, I ſee his name as plain as you do——F—r—a—n Fran, c—i—s cis, Francis, 'tis in every line of the book.

L. Char. [*Riſing.*] 'Tis in vain, I ſee, to mind any thing in ſuch impertinent company—but granting 'twere as you ſay, as to my Lord Hardy, 'tis more excuſable to admire another than one's ſelf—

L. Har. No, I think not——Yes, I grant you than really to be vain at one's perſon, but I don't admire myſelf—Piſh! I don't believe my eyes have that ſoftneſs—[*Looking in the glaſs.*] They an't ſo piercing: no, 'tis only ſtuff, the men will be talking—Some people are ſuch admirers of teeth—Lord, what ſignifies teeth! [*Shewing her teeth.*] A very blackamoor has as white teeth as I——No, ſiſter, I don't admire myſelf, but I've a ſpirit of contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in love with myſelf, only to rival the men——

L. Char. Aye, but Mr. Campley will gain ground e'en of that rival of his, your dear self——

L. Har. Oh, what have I done to you, that you should name that insolent intruder—A confident opinionative fop—No, indeed, if I am, as a poetical lover of mine sighed and sung, of both sexes

The public envy, and the public care,
I shan't be so easily catched——I thank him——I want but to be sure, I should heartily torment him, by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this life or not.

L. Char. Indeed, sister, to be serious with you, this vanity in your humour does not at all become you.

L. Har. Vanity! All the matter is,, we gay people are more sincere than you wise folks: all your life's an art——Speak your soul——Look you there—[*Hailing her to the glass.*] Are you not struck with a secret pleasure, when you view that bloom in your look, that harmony in your shape, that promptitude of your mien!

L. Char. Well, simpleton, if I am at first so silly as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a fault, and take pains to correct it.

L. Har. Pshaw! pshaw! talk this musty tale to old Mrs. Fardingale, 'tis too soon for me to think at that rate.

L. Char. They that think it too soon to understand themselves, will very soon find it too late——But tell me honestly, don't you like Campley?

L. Har. The fellow is not to be abhorred, if the forward thing did not think of getting me so easily——Oh, I hate a heart I can't break when I please——What makes the value of dear china, but that 'tis so brittle!——were it not for that, you might as well have stone mugs in your closet——

L. Char. Hist, hist, here's Fardingale.

Enter Fardingale.

Far. Lady Harriot, Lady Charlot——I'll entertain you now; I've a new song just come hot out of the poet's brain. Lady Charlot, my Cousin Campley writ it, and it's set to a pretty air, I warrant you.

L. Har. 'Tis like to be pretty, indeed, of his writing. [*Flings away.*

Far. Come, come, this is not one of your tringham trangham, witty things, that your poor poets write; no, 'tis well known my Cousin Campley has two thousand pounds a year—But this is all dissimulation in you.

L. Char. 'Tis so indeed, for your cousin's song's very pretty, Mrs. Fardingale. [*Reads.*

Let not love on me bestow,
Soft distress, and tender woe;
I know none but substantial blisses,
Eager glances, solid kisses;
I know not what the lovers feign,
Of finer pleasure mix'd with pain;
Then pr'ythee, give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

—But Harriot thinks that a little unreasonable, to expect one without enduring t'other.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's your Cousin Campley to wait on you without——

Far. Let him come in——we shall have the song now——

Enter Campley.

Cam. Ladies, your most obedient servant—Your servant,' Lady Charlot——Servant, Lady Harriot. [Harriot *looks grave upon him.*]—What's the matter, dear Lady Harriot—not well? I protest to you I'm mightily concerned—[*Pulls out a bottle.*] This is a most excellent spirit—snuff it up, Madam.

L. Har. Pish——the familiar coxcomb frets me heartily——

Cam. 'Twill be over, I hope, immediately.

L. Char. Your Cousin Fardingale has shewn us some of your poetry; there's the spinnet, Mr. Campley, I know you're musical.

Cam. She should not have called it my poetry.

Far. No. Who waits there——Pray bring my lute out of the next room——

Enter Servant with a Lute.

You must know I conn'd this song before I came in, and find it will go to an excellent air of old Mr. Laws', who was my mother's intimate acquaintance: my mother's, what do I talk of! I mean, my grandmother's——Oh, here's the lute—Cousin Campley, hold the song upon your hat. [*Aside to him.*] 'Tis a pretty gallantry to a relation. [*Sings and squalls.*] "Let not love," &c. Oh, I have left off these things many a day.

Cam. No; I profess, Madam, you do it admirably—but are not assured enough—Take it higher. [*In her own squall.*] Thus——I know your voice will bear it.

L. Har. Oh, hideous! Oh, the gross flatterer—I shall burst——Mrs. Fardingale, pray go on, the music fits the words most aptly——Take it higher, as your cousin advises.

Far. Oh, dear Madam, do you really like it—I do it purely to please you—for I can't sing, alas!

L. Char. We know it, good Madam, we know it——But pray——

Far. Let not love, and substantial blisses, is lively enough, and ran accordingly in the tune. [*Curtsies to the company.*] Now I took it higher.

L. Har. Incomparably done! nothing can equal it, except your cousin sang his own poetry.

Cam. Madam, from my Lord Hardy——[*Delivers a letter to* Lady Charlot.] How do you say, my Lady Harriot, except I sing it myself! then I assure you I will.

L. Char. I han't patience, I must go read my letter. [*Exit.*

Cam. [*Sings.*] Let not love, &c.

Far. Bless me, what's become of Lady Charlot? [*Exit.*

L. Har. Mrs. Fardingale, Mrs. Fardingale, what, must we lose you? [Campley *runs to the door, takes the key out, and locks her in.*] What means this insolence? a plot upon me——Do you know who I am?

Cam. Yes, Madam, you're my Lady Harriot Lovely, with ten thousand pounds in your pocket; and I am Mr. Campley with two thousand a year—of quality enough to pretend to you——And I do design, before I leave this room, to hear you talk like a reasonable woman, as nature has made you. Nay, 'tis in vain to flounce, and discompose yourself and your dress.

L. Har. If there are swords, if they are men of honour, and not all dastards, cowards, that pretend to this injured person——

[*Running round the room.*

Cam. Aye, aye, Madam, let 'em come—That's putting me in my way, fighting's my trade——but you've used all mankind too ill to expect so much service——in short, Madam, were you a fool, I should not desire to expostulate with you——

[*Seizing her hand.*

L. Har. Unhand me, ravisher.—[*Pulls her hand from him, chases round the room,* Campley *after her.*]

Cam. But, Madam, Madam, Madam, why Madam!

[*Sings.*] Pr'ythee, Cynthia, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you.

L. Har. Age, wrinkles, ſmall-pox, nay, any thing that's moſt abhorrent to youth and bloom, were welcome in the place of ſo deteſted a creature.

Cam. No ſuch matter, Lady Harriot; I would not be a vain coxcomb, but I know I am not deteſtable, nay, know where you've ſaid as much before you underſtood me for your ſervant. Was I immediately transformed becauſe I became your lover?

L. Har. My lover, Sir! did I ever give you reaſon to think I admitted you as ſuch?

Cam. Yes, you did in your uſing me ill---for if you did not aſſume upon the ſcore of my pretending to you, how do you anſwer yourſelf ſome parts of your behaviour to me as a gentleman——'Tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the good ſenſe I know you miſtreſs of. Do but conſider, Madam, I have long loved you---bore with this fantaſtic humour through all it's mazes---Nay, do not frown---for 'tis no better——I ſay, I have born with this humour, but would you have me with an unmanly ſervitude feed it——No, I love with too ſincere, too honeſt a devotion, and would you have your mind as faultleſs as your perſon, which 'twould be, if you'll lay aſide this vanity of being purſued with ſighs, with flatteries, with nonſenſe——[*She walks about leſs violently, but more confuſed.*] Oh, my heart aches at the diſturbance which I gave her, but ſhe muſt not ſee it——[*Aſide.*] Had I not better tell you of it now, than when you are in my power; I ſhould be then too generous to thwart your inclination.

L. Har. That is indeed very handſomely ſaid. Why ſhould I not obey reaſon as ſoon as ſee it-- [*Aſide.*] Since ſo, Mr. Campley, I can as ingeniouſly as I ſhould then, acknowledge that I have been in an error. [*Looking down on her fan.*

Cam. Nay, that's too great a condeſcenſion. Oh, excellence! I repent! I ſee 'twas but juſtice in you to demand my knees, [*Kneeling.*] my ſighs, my conſtant, tendereſt regard and ſervice-----And you ſhall have 'em, ſince you are above 'em——

L. Har. Nay, Mr. Campley, you won't recal me to a fault you have ſo lately ſhewn me---I will not ſuffer this---no more extaſies! But pray, Sir, what was't you did to get my ſiſter out of the room?

Cam. You may know it, and I muſt deſire you to aſſiſt my Lord Hardy there, who writ to her by me---For he is no raviſher, as you called me juſt now.---He is now in the houſe——And I would fain gain an interview——

L. Har. That they may have---But they'll make little uſe of it: for the tongue is the inſtrument of ſpeech to us of a lower form; they are of that high order of lovers, who know none but eloquent ſilence, and can utter themſelves only by a geſture that ſpeaks their paſſion inexpreſſible——and what not fine things.

Cam. But pray let's go into your ſiſter's cloſet, while they are together.

L. Har. I ſwear I don't know how to ſee my ſiſter---ſhe'll laugh me to death to ſee me out of my pantouſles, and you and I thus familiar——However, I know ſhe'll approve it.

Cam. You may boaſt yourſelf an heroine to her, and the firſt woman that was ever vanquiſhed by hearing truth, and had ſincerity enough to receive ſo rough an obligation, as being made acquainted with her faults---Come, Madam, ſtand your ground bravely, we'll march in to her thus.

[*She leaning on* Campley.

L. Har. Who'll believe a woman's anger more? I've betrayed the whole ſex to you, Mr. Campley.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lord Hardy *and* Campley.

Cam. My lord, her ſiſter, who now is mine, will immediately ſend her hither——But be yourſelf---Charge her bravely——

L. Har. I long, yet fear to ſee her——I know I am unable to utter myſelf——

Cam. Come, retire here till ſhe appears.

Enter Lady Charlot.

L. Char. Now is the tender moment approaching. [*Aſide.*] There he is [*They approach and ſalute each other trembling.*] Your lordſhip will pleaſe to ſit----[*After a very long pauſe, ſtolen glances, and irreſolute geſtures.*] your lordſhip, I think, has travelled thoſe parts of Italy where the armies are---

L. Har. Yes, Madam.

L. Char. I think I have letters from you, dated Mantua.

L. Har. I hope you have, Madam, and that their purpoſe——

L. Char. My lord? [*Looking ſerious and confuſed.*

L. Har. Was not your ladyſhip going to ſay ſomething?

L. Char. I only attended to what your lordſhip was going to ſay---That is, my lord---But you were, I believe, going to ſay ſomething of that garden of the world, Italy---I am very ſorry your misfortunes in England are ſuch as make you juſtly regret your leaving that place.

L. Har. There is a perſon in England may make thoſe loſſes inſenſible to me.

L. Char. Indeed, my lord, there have ſo very few of quality attended his majeſty's in the war, that your birth and merit may well hope for his favour.

L. Har. I have, indeed, all the zeal in the world for his majeſty's ſervice, and moſt grateful affection for his perſon, but did not then mean him.

L. Char. But can you indeed impartially ſay that our iſland is really preferable to the reſt of the world, or is it an arrogance only in us to think ſo?

L. Har. I profeſs, Madam, that little I have ſeen has but more endeared England to me; for that medley of humours which perhaps diſtracts our public affairs, does, methinks improve our private lives, and makes converſation more various, and conſequently more pleaſing---Every where elſe both men and things have the ſame countenance---In France you meet much civility and little friendſhip; in Holland, deep attention, but little reflection; in Italy, all pleaſure, but no mirth——But here with us, where you have every where pretenders, or maſters in every thing, you can't fall into company, wherein you ſhall not be inſtructed or diverted.

L. Char. I never had an account of any thing from you, my lord, but I mourned the loſs of my brother, you would have been ſo happy a companion for him---With that right ſenſe of yours---My lord, you need not bow ſo obſquiouſly, for I do you but juſtice——But you ſent me word of your ſeeing a lady in Italy very like me---Did you viſit her often?

L. Har. Once or twice, but I obſerved her ſo looſe a creature, that I could have killed her for having your perſon.

L. Char. I thank you, Sir; but Heaven that preſerves me unlike her, will, I hope, make her more like me---But your fellow-traveller---His relations themſelves know not a juſt account of him.

L. H. The original cauſe of his fever was a violent paſſion for a fine young woman he had not power to ſpeak to---but I told her his regard for her as paſſionately as poſſible.

L. Char. You were to him, what Mr. Campley has been to you——Whither am I running——Poor——your friend——Poor gentleman.

L. Har. I hope then as Campley's eloquence is greater, ſo has been his ſucceſs.

L. Char. My lord?

L. Har. Your ladyſhip's.

Enter Lady Harriot.

L. Char. Undone! Undone! Tattleaid has found, by ſome means or other, that Campley brought my Lord Hardy hither; we are utterly ruined, my lady's coming.——

Ld. Har. I'll ſtay and confront her.

L. Char. It muſt not be——we are too much in her power.

Enter Campley.

Cam. Come, come, my lord, we're routed horſe and foot——Down the back ſtairs, and ſo out.

[*Exeunt.*

Ladies. Aye, aye——

L. Har. I tremble every joint of me——

L. Char. I'm at a ſtand a little, but rage will recover me; ſhe's coming in——

Enter Widow.

Wid. Ladies, your ſervant——I fear I interrupt you—have you company?——Lady Harriot, your ſervant—Lady Charlot, your ſervant.—What, not a word—Oh, I beg your ladyſhip's pardon—Lady Charlot did I ſay!—My young Lady Brumpton, I wiſh you joy.

L. Char. Oh, your ſervant, Lady Dowager Brumpton——That's an appellation of much more joy to you——

Wid. So ſmart, Madam; but you ſhould, methinks, have made one acquainted—Yet, Madam, your conduct is ſeen through——

L. Char. My conduct, Lady Brumpton!

Wid. Your conduct, Lady Charlot!

[*Coming up to each other.*

L. Char. Madam, 'tis you are ſeen through all your thin diſguiſes——

Wid. I ſeen! By whom?

L. Char. By an all-piercing eye; nay, by what you much more fear, the eye of the world——The world ſees you, or ſhall ſee you: it ſhall know your ſecret intemperance, your public faſting—Looſe poems in your cloſet, an homily on your toilette——Your eaſy ſkilful practiſed hypocriſy, by which you wrought on your huſband baſely to transfer the truſt and ward of us, two helpleſs virgins, into the hands and care of—I cannot name it——You're a wicked woman.

L. Har. [*Aſide.*] Oh, rare ſifter! 'Tis a fine thing to keep one's anger in ſtock by one; we that are angry and pleaſed every half hour, having nothing at all of this high-flown fury! Why ſhe rages like a princeſs in a tragedy! Bleſſings on her tongue——

Wid. Is this the effect of your morning lectures, your ſelf-examination, all this fury?

L. Char. Yes, it is, Madam, if I take pains to govern my paſſions, it ſhall not give licence to others to govern 'em for me——

Wid. Well, Lady Charlot, however you ill deſerve it of me, I ſhall take care, while there are locks and bars, to keep you from Lord Hardy—From being a leiger lady, from carrying a knapſack.

L. Char. Knapſack! Do you upbraid the poverty your own wicked arts have brought him to—Knapſack! Oh, grant me patience, can I hear this of the man I love? Knapſack! I have not words.

[*Stamps about the room.*

Wid. I leave you to cool upon it; love and anger are very warm paſſions——

[*Exit.*

L. Har. She has locked us in——

L. Char. Knapſack! Well, I will break walls to go to him—Knapſack! I'll give vent to my juſt reſentment——Oh, how ſhall I avoid this baſe woman, how meet that excellent man!——I hope 'tis in fate to crown our loves; for it is only in the protection of men of honour, that we are naturally truly ſafe.

ACT III.

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, *and* Trim.

Ld. Har. THAT jade Tattleaid ſaw me upon the ſtairs, for I had not patience to keep my concealment, but muſt peep out to ſee what was become of you.

Cam. But we have advice, however, it ſeems from the garriſon already——this miſtreſs of Trim's is a mighty lucky accident——

Trim. Aye, gentlemen, ſhe has free egreſs and regreſs, and you know the French are the beſt bred people in the world---ſhe'll be aſſiſtant---but, faith, I have one ſcruple that hangs about me---and that is——Look you, my lord, we ſervants have no maſters in their abſence——In a word, when I am with Mademoiſelle, I talk of your lordſhip as only a particular acquaintance, that I do buſineſs indeed for you ſometimes---I muſt needs ſay, cries I, that indeed my Lord Hardy is really a perſon I have a great honour for.

Ld. Har. Piſh! is that all? I underſtand you---your miſtreſs does not know that you do me the honour to clean my ſhoes or ſo, upon occaſion---Pr'ythee, Will, make yourſelf as conſiderable as you pleaſe.

Trim. Well then, your leſſon is this——She, out of her reſpect to me, and underſtanding Mr. Campley was an intimate of my friend my Lord Hardy, and condeſcending (though ſhe is of a great houſe in France) to make mantua's for the improvement of the Engliſh---which gives her eaſy admittance---She, I ſay, moved by theſe promiſes, has vouchſafed to bring a letter from my Lady Harriot to Mr. Campley, and came to me to bring her to him. You are to underſtand alſo, that ſhe is dreſſed in the lateſt French cut; her dreſs is the model of her habit, and herſelf of their manners---for ſhe is---But you ſhall ſee her——

[*Exit.*

Ld. Har. This gives me ſome life!---Cheer up, Tom——but behold the ſolemnity---Do you ſee Trim's gallantry? I ſhall laugh out.

Enter Trim *leading in* Mademoiſelle.

Trim. My dear Lord Hardy, this is Mademoiſelle d'Epingle, whoſe name you've often heard me ſigh. [Lord Hardy *ſalutes her.*] Mr. Campley----Mademoiſelle d'Epingle. [Campley *ſalutes her.*

Mad. *Votre ſervante*, gentlemen, *votre ſervante*---

Cam. I proteſt to you, I never ſaw any thing ſo becoming as your dreſs---ſhall I beg the favour you'd condeſcend to let Mr. Trim lead you once round the room, that I may admire the elegance of your habit——

[Trim *leads her round.*

Ld. Har. How could you aſk ſuch a thing?

Cam. Piſhaw, my lord, you're a baſhful Engliſh fellow---You ſee ſhe is not ſurprized at it, but thinks me gallant in deſiring it---Oh, Madam! your air! ---The negligence, the diſengagement of your manner! Oh, how delicate is your noble nation——When ſhall you ſee an Engliſhwoman ſo dreſſed?

Mad. De Engliſe! poor barbarians, poor ſavages, dey know no more of de dreſs, but to cover dere nakedneſs [*Glides along the room.*] Dey be cloded, but no dreſſed---But, Monſieur Terim, which Monſieur Campley?

Trim. That's honeſt Tom Campley———

Cam. At your ſervice, Mademoiſelle———

Mad. I fear I incur de cenſure, [*Pulling out the letter, and recollecting as lothe to deliver it.*] but Mr. Terim being your intimate friend, and I deſigning to honour him in de way of an huſband---So, ſo, how do I run away in diſcourſe—I never make promiſe to Mr. Terim before, and now do it par accident———

Cam. Dear Will Trim is extremely obliging in having prevailed upon you to do a thing, that the ſeverity of your virtue, and the greatneſs of your quality would not let you otherwiſe condeſcend to—

Mad. Oh, Monſieur! Oh, Monſieur! you ſpeak my very thoughts—Oh, I don't know how! Pardon me to give a billet—it ſo look! Oh, fie! I cannot ſtay after it—[*Drops it, runs affectedly to the other end of the room, then quite out, re-enters.*] I beg ten thouſand pardons for go ſo mal-a-propos.

[*Curtſies as going.*

Ld. Har. Your ſervant, good Madam.——Mr. Trim, you know you command here—pray, if Madame d'Epingle will honour our cottage with longer ſtay, wait on her in and entertain her—Pray, Sir, be free———

Trim. My lord, you know your power over me, I'm all complaiſance.——— [*Leads her out.*

Cam. Now to my dear epiſtle———

" Sir,

" There is one thing which you were too generous to touch upon in our laſt converſation----We have reaſon to fear the widow's practiſes in relation to our fortune, if you are not too quick for her—I aſk Lady Charlot whether this is not her ſenſe to Lord Hardy—She ſays nothing, but lets me write on—Theſe people always have, and will have admittance every where, therefore we may hear from you. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

HARRIOT LOVELY."

—My obedient ſervant! Thy obedience ſhall ever be as voluntary as now—ten thouſand, thouſand kiſſes on thee—Thou dear paper—Look you, my lord—What a pretty hand it is?

Ld. Har. Why, Tom, thou doſt not give me leave to ſee it---you ſnatch it to your mouth ſo—you'll ſtifle the poor lady———

Cam. Look you, my lord, all along the lines, here went the pen, and through the white intervals her ſnowy fingers. Do you ſee, this is her name—

Ld. Har. Nay, there's Lady Charlot's name too in the midſt of the letter—Why, you'll not be ſo unconſcionable—you're ſo greedy----you'll give me one kiſs ſure———

Cam. Well, you ſhall, but you're ſo eager——don't bite me—for you ſhan't have it in your own hands—there, there, there—Let go my hand——

Ld. Har. What an exquiſite pleaſure there is in this foolery.—But what ſhall we do?

Cam. I have a thought—pr'ythee, my lord, call Trim.

Ld. Har. Ha, Trim———

Cam. Hold, Mr. Trim—You forget his miſtreſs is there.

Ld. Har. Cra'mercy—Dear Will Trim, ſtep in hither.

Cam. Aye, that's ſomething———

Enter Trim.

—Trim, have not I ſeen a young woman ſometimes carry Madame d'Epingle's trinkets for her, coming from my Lady Brumpton's.

Trim. Yes, you might have ſeen ſuch a one; ſhe waits for her now.

Cam. Do you think you could not prevail for me to be dreſſed in that wench's clothes, and attend your miſtreſs in her ſtead thither: They'll not dream we ſhould ſo ſoon attempt again.

Trim. Yes, I'll engage.

Cam. Then, we'll truſt the reſt to our good genius; I'll about it inſtantly—Harriot Lovely—

[*Exit, kiſſing the letter*

Enter Widow *and* Tattleaid.

Wid. This was well done of you; be ſure you take care of their young ladyſhips; you ſhall, I promiſe you, have a ſnip in the ſale of them.

Tat. I thank your good ladyſhip.

Wid. Is that the porter's paper of how d'ye's?

Tat. Yes, Madam, he juſt ſent it up; his general anſwer is, that you are as well as can be expected in your condition; but that you ſee nobody.

Wid. That's right—[*Reading names.*] Lady Riggle. Lady Formal—Oh, that Riggle! a pert ogler, an indiſcreet, ſilly thing, who is really known by no man, yet for her carriage juſtly thought common to all; and as Formal has only the appearance of virtue, ſo ſhe has only the appearance of vice—Mrs. Frances and Mrs. Winnifred Glebe, who are they?

Tat. They are the country great fortunes, have been out of town this whole year; they are thoſe whom your ladyſhip ſaid upon being very well born, took upon them to be very ill bred.

Wid. Did I ſay ſo? Really I think it was apt enough; now I remember them—Lady Wrinkle: Oh, that ſmug old woman! there is no enduring her affectation of youth; but I plague her; I always aſk whether her daughter in Wiltſhire has a grandchild yet or not---Mrs. After-day: Oh, that's ſhe that was the great beauty, the mighty toaſt about town, that's juſt come out of the ſmall-pox; ſhe is horribly pitted, they ſay; I long to ſee her, and plague her with my condolence. 'Tis a pure ill-natured ſatisfaction to ſee one that was a beauty unfortunately move with the ſame languor, and ſoftneſs of behaviour, that once was charming in her; to ſee, I ſay, her mortify, that uſed to kill; ha, ha, ha!---The reſt are a catalogue of mere names or titles they were born to; and inſipid croud of neither good nor bad. But you are ſure theſe other ladies ſuſpect not in the leaſt that I know of their coming?

Tat. No, dear Madam; they are to aſk for me.

Wid. I hear a coach——— [*Exit* Tattleaid. I have now an exquiſite pleaſure in the thought of ſurpaſſing my Lady Sly, who pretends to have outgrieved the whole town for her huſband. They are certainly coming. Oh, no! here let me---thus let me ſit and think---[Widow *on her couch; while ſhe is raving, as to herſelf,* Tattleaid *ſoftly introduces the Ladies.*] Wretched, diſconſolate as I am! Oh, welcome, welcome, dear, killing anguiſh! Oh, that I could lie down and die in my preſent heavineſs! But what---how? Nay, my dear, dear lord, why do you look ſo pale, ſo ghaſtly at me? Wottoo, Wottoo! fright thy own trembling, ſhivering wife———

Tat. Nay, good Madam, be comforted.

Wid. Thou ſhalt not have me———

[*Puſhes* Tattleaid.

Tat. Nay, good Madam, 'tis I, 'tis I, your ladyſhip's own woman. 'Tis I, Madam, that dreſs

you, talk to you, and tell you all that's done in the house every day; 'tis I——

Wid. Is it then possible? Is it then possible that I am left? Speak to me not, hold me not; I'll break the listening walls with my complaints.—— [*Looks surprized at seeing the company, then severely at* Tattleaid.] Ah, Tattleaid!——

1 *La.* Nay, Madam, be not angry at her; we would come in spite of her, we are your friends, and are as concerned as you are.

Wid. Ah, Madam, Madam, Madam, Madam, I am an undone woman! Oh, me! alas, alas! Oh, oh! [*All join in her notes.*] I swoon! I expire! [*Faints.*

2 *La.* Pray, Mrs. Tattleaid, bring something that is cordial to her. [*Exit* Tattleaid.

3 *La.* Indeed, Madam, you should have patience; his lordship was old. To die, is but going before in a journey we must all take.

Enter Tattleaid, *loaded with Bottles*; 3d Lady *takes a Bottle from her and drinks.*

4 *La.* Lord, how my Lady Fleer drinks! I have heard, indeed, but never could believe it of her. [*Drinks also.*

1 *La.* But, Madam, don't you hear what the town says of the jilt, Flirt, the men liked so much in the Park?——Hark ye——was seen with him in a hackney-coach——key-hole——his wig——on the chair—— [*Whispers by interruption.*

2 *La.* Impudent flirt, to be found out!

3 *La.* But I speak it only to you.

4 *La.* Nor I, but to one more. [*Whispers the next woman.*

5 *La.* I can't believe it; nay, I always thought it, Madam. [*Whispers the* Widow.

Wid. Sure 'tis impossible! the demure, prim things---Sure all the world is hypocrisy---Well, I thank my stars, whatsoever sufferings I have, I have none in reputation. I wonder at the men; I could never think her handsome. She has really a good shape and complexion, but no mien; and no woman has the use of her beauty without mien. Her charms are dumb, they want utterance. But whither does distraction lead me to talk of charms!

1 *La.* Charms! a chit's, a girl's charms!——Come, let us widows be true to ourselves, keep our countenances and our characters, and a fig for the maids, I mean the unmarried.

2 *La.* Aye, since they will set up for our knowledge, why should not we for their ignorance?

3 *La.* But, Madam, o'Sunday morning at church, I curtsied to you, and looked at a great fuss in a glaring light dress, next pew. That strong, masculine thing is a knight's wife, pretends to all the tenderness in the world, and would fain put the unwieldy upon us, for the soft, the languid. She has of a sudden left her dairy, and sets up for a fine town lady; calls her maid Cisly, her woman, speaks to her by her surname of Mrs. Cherryfist, and her great footboy of nineteen, big enough for a trooper, is stripped into a laced coat, now, Mr. Page, forsooth.

4 *La.* Oh, I have seen her---Well, I heartily pity some people for their wealth; they might have been unknown else---You would die, Madam, to see her and her equipage: I thought the honest fat tits, her horses, were ashamed of their finery; they dragged on, as if they were all at plough, and a great bashful-look'd booby behind, grasp'd the coach as if he had held one.

5 *La.* Alas! some people think there is nothing but being fine to be genteel: but the high prance of the horses, and the brisk insolence of the servants in an equipage of quality, are inimitable.

1 *La.* Now you talk of an equipage, I envy this lady the beauty she will appear in, in a mourning-coach, it will so become her complexion; I confess I myself mourned for two years for no other reason. Take up that hood there. Oh, that fair face with a veil! [*They take up her hood.*

Wid. Fie, fie, ladies!---But I have been told, indeed, black does become——

2 *La.* Well, I'll take the liberty to speak it, there is young Nutbrain has long had (I'll be sworn) a passion for this lady: but I'll tell you one thing I fear she'll dislike, that is, he is younger than she is.

3 *La.* No, that's no exception; but I'll tell you one, he is younger than his brother.

Wid. Ladies, talk not of such affairs. Who could love such an unhappy relict as I am! But, dear Madam, what grounds have you for that idle story?

4 *La.* Why, he toasts you, and trembles where you are spoke of. It must be a match.

Wid. Nay, nay, you rally, you rally; but I know you mean it kindly.

1 *La.* I swear we do. [Tattleaid *whispers the* Widow.

Wid. But I must beseech you, ladies, since you have been so compassionate as to visit and accompany my sorrow, to give me the only comfort I can now know, to see my friends chearful, and to honour an entertainment Tattleaid has prepared within for you. If I can find strength enough, I'll attend you; but I wish you would excuse me, for I have no relish of food or joy, but will try to get a bit down in my own chamber.

1 *La.* There is no pleasure without you.

Wid. But, Madam, I must beg of your ladyship not to be so importune to my fresh calamity, as to mention Nutbrain any more. I am sure there is nothing in it. In love with me, quoth-a! [*Is led off.* *Exeunt* Ladies, *&c.*

Enter Mademoiselle, *and* Campley *in Women's Clothes, carrying her Things.*

Mad. I am very glad to be in de ladies anticham-ber; I was shamed of you, you yon such impudent look: besides, me wonder you were not seized by the constable, when you pushed de man into de kennel.

Cam. Why, should I have let him kissed me?

Mad. No; but if you had hit him wit fan, and say, Why, sure, saucy-box, it been enough; beside, what you hitted de gentleman for offer kisse me?

Cam. I beg pardon, I did not know you were pleased with it.

Mad. Please! no; but me rader be kisse den you, Mr. Terim's friend, be found out. Could not you say, when he kisse me, Sure, saucy-box, dat's meat for your master Besides, you take such strides when you walk-----Oh, fie! dese little pette tiny bits a woman steps. [*Shewing her step.*

Cam. But, pr'ythee, Mademoiselle, why have you lost your English tongue, all of a sudden? Methought, when the fellow called us French whores, as we came along, and said we came to starve their own people, you gave him pretty plain English; he was a dog, a rascal, you'd send to the stocks——

Mad. Ha, ha, ha! I was in a passion, and betrayed myself; but you are my lover's friend, and a man of honour, therefore know you will do nothing to injure us. Why, Mr. Campley, you must know I can speak as good English as you: but I don't, for fear of losing my customers: the English will never give a price for any thing they understand. Nay, I have known some of your fools pretend to buy with good-breeding, and give any rate, rather

than not to be thought to have French enough to know what they are doing. Mum---my Lady Harriot.

Enter Lady Harriot.

Madame, *votre ſervante, ſervante*———

L. Har. Well, Mademoiſelle, did you deliver my letter?

Mad. Oui———

L. Har. Well, and how? Is that it in your hand?

Mad. Oui———

L. Har. Well, then, why don't you give it me?

Mad. Oh, fie, lady! dat be ſo right Engliſe; de Engliſe mind only de words of de lovers, but de words of de lovers are often lye, but de action no lye.

L. Har. What does the thing mean? Give me my letter.

Mad. Me did not deliver your letter.

L. Har. No?

Mad. No, me tell you me did drop it to ſee Mr. Campley, how cavalier take it up. As deſe me did drop it, ſo Monſieur run to take it up.

[*They both run to take it up*, Mad. *takes it.*

Mad. Dus he do—dere de letter——Very well, very well. Oh, *l'amour!* You act de manner Mr. Campley—take it up better than I; do you no ſee it? [*They both run*, Harriot *gets it.*

L. Har. [*Reads.*]

" Madam,

" I am glad you have mentioned what indeed I did not at that time think of, nor, if I had, ſhould I have known how to have ſpoken of. But bleſs me more than fortune can, by turning thoſe fair eyes upon, Madam, your moſt faithful, moſt obedient humble ſervant, THOMAS CAMPLEY."

—What does he mean?——But bleſs me more, by turning——Oh, 'tis he himſelf! [*Looking about, obſerves* Campley *ſmile.*] Oh, the hoyden! the romp! —I did not think any thing could add to your native confidence; but you look ſo very bold in that dreſs, and your arms fall off, and your petticoats, how they hang———

Cam. *Mademoiſelle voulez vous de ſalville l'eau de Hongrie, chez Monſieur Marchant de Montpelier*—Dis for your teet. [*Shewing his trinkets.*]—But, Lady Harriot, we muſt not ſtand laughing; as you obſerve in your letter, delays are dangerous in this wicked woman's cuſtody of you; therefore, I muſt, Madam, beſeech you, and pray, ſtay not on niceties, but be adviſed.

L. Har. Mr. Campley, I have no will but yours.

Cam. Thou dear creature!——But [*Kiſſes her hand.*] hark'e, then you muſt change dreſſes with Mademoiſelle, and go with me inſtantly.

L. Har. What you pleaſe.

Cam. Madame d'Epingle, I muſt deſire you to comply with a humour of gallantry of ours; you may be ſure I'll have an eye over the treatment you have upon my account, only to change habits with Lady Harriot, and let her go while you ſtay.

Mad. Wit all my heart. [*Offers to undreſs herſelf.*

L. Har. What, before Mr. Campley?

Mad. Oh, oh, very *Anglaiſe!* Dat is ſo Engliſe; all women of quality in France are dreſs and undreſs by a valet de chambre, de man chamber-maid help complexion better den de women.

[*Apart to* Lady Harriot.

L. Har. Nay, that's a ſecret in dreſs, Mademoiſelle, I never knew before; and am ſo unpoliſhed an Engliſhwoman, as to reſolve never to learn even to dreſs before my huſband. Oh, indecency!——Mr. Campley, do you hear what Mademoiſelle ſhys———

Mad. Oh, hiſt!—*Bagatelle.*

L. Har. Well, we'll run in, and be ready in an inſtant. [*Exeunt* L. Harriot *and* Mademoiſelle.

Cam. Well, I like her every minute better and better. What a delicate chaſtity ſhe has! How happy am I in ſuch a friend as Hardy, ſuch a miſtreſs as Harriot!

Continue, Heav'n, a grateful heart to bleſs,
With faith in friendſhip, and in love ſucceſs.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Widow *and* Truſty.

Wid. MR. Truſty, you have, I do aſſure you, the ſame place and power in the management of my Lord Brumpton's eſtate, as in his life-time. I am reduced to a neceſſity of truſting him. [*Aſide.*] However Tattleaid diſſembles the matter, ſhe muſt be privy to Lady Harriot's eſcape, and Fardingale is as deep as them both, and I fear will be their ruin, which it is my care and duty to prevent. Be vigilant, and you ſhall be rewarded. I ſhall employ you wholly in Lady Charlot's affairs, ſhe is able to pay ſervices done for her. You have ſenſe, and underſtand me. [*Exit* Widow.

Truſt. Yes, I do indeed underſtand you, and could wiſh another could with as much deteſtation as I do; but my poor old lord is ſo ſtrangely, ſo bewitchedly enamoured of her, that even after diſcovery of her wickedneſs, I ſee he could be reconciled to her; and though he is aſhamed to confeſs to me, I know he longs to ſpeak with her. If I tell Lord Hardy all, to make his fortune, he would not let his father be diſhonoured by a public way of ſeparation. If things are acted privately, I know ſhe will throw us all; there is no midole way; I muſt expoſe her, to make a re-union impracticable. Alas, how is honeſt truth baniſhed the world, when we muſt watch the ſeaſons and ſoft avenues to men's hearts, to gain it entrance, even for their own good and intereſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, *and* Trim.

Ld. Har. I forget my own misfortunes, dear Campley, when I reflect on your ſucceſs.

Cam. I aſſure you it moderates the ſwell of joy that I am in, to think of your difficulties. I hope my felicity is previous to yours: my Lady Harriot gives her ſervice to you, and we both think it but decent to ſuſpend our marriage, till your and Lady Charlot's affairs are in the ſame poſture.

Ld. Har. Where is my lady?

Cam. She is at my aunt's, my lord. But, my lord, if you don't interpoſe, I don't know how I ſhall adjuſt matters with Mr. Trim, for leaving his miſtreſs behind me; I fear he'll demand ſatisfaction of me.

Trim. No, Sir; alas, I can know no ſatisfaction while ſhe is in jeopardy! therefore would rather be put in a way to recover her by ſtorming the caſtle, or other feat of arms, like a true enamoured ſwain as I am.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There is one Mr. Truſty below, would ſpeak with my lord.

Ld. Har. Mr. Truſty, my father's ſteward! What can he have to ſay to me?

Cam. He is very honeſt, to my knowledge.

Ld Har. I remember, indeed, when I was turned out of the houſe, he followed me to the gate, and wept over me, for which I have heard he had like to

have loſt his place. But, however, I muſt adviſe with you a little, about my behaviour to him. Let us in.—Boy, bring him up hither; tell him I'll wait on him preſently.—[*Exit* Boy.]—I ſhall want you, I believe, here, Trim. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boy *and* Truſty.

Boy. My lord will wait on you here immediately. [*Exit* Boy.

Truſt. 'Tis very well. Theſe lodgings are but homely for the Earl of Brumpton. Oh, that damned ſtrumpet! that I ſhould ever know my maſter's wife for ſuch. How many thouſand things does my head run back to! After my poor father's death, the good lord took me, becauſe he was a captain in his regiment, and gave me education. I was, I think, three and twenty when this young lord was chriſtened—What ado there was about calling him Francis! [*Wipes his eyes.*] Theſe are but poor lodgings for him. I cannot bear the joy, to think that I ſhall ſave the family from which I have had my bread.

Enter Trim.

Trim. Sir, my lord will wait on you immediately.

Truſt. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait on him——[*As* Trim *is going.*] But, Sir, are not you the young man that attended him at Chriſt-Church in Oxford, and have followed him ever ſince?

Trim. Yes, Sir, I am.

Truſt. Nay, Sir, no harm; but you'll thrive the better for it.

Trim. I like this old fellow; I ſmell more money. [*Aſide. Exit.*

Truſt. I think it is now eight years ſince I ſaw him; he was not then nineteen, when I followed him to the gate, and gave him fifty guineas, which I pretended his father ſent after him.

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. Har. Mr. Truſty, I am very glad to ſee you; you look very hale and jolly; you wear well; I am glad to ſee it—But your commands to me, Mr. Truſty?

Truſt. Why, my lord, I preſume to wait upon your lordſhip—My lord, you are ſtrangely grown; you are your father's very picture; you are he, my lord; you are the very man that looked ſo pleaſed to ſee me look ſo fine in my laced livery, to go to court. I was his page, when he was juſt ſuch another as you. He kiſſed me afore a great many lords, and ſaid I was a brave man's ſon, that had taught him to exerciſe his arms. I remember he carried me to the great window, and bid me be ſure to keep in your mother's ſight in all my finery. She was the fineſt young creature. My lord then courted my good lady. She was as kind to me on her death-bed; ſhe ſaid to me, Mr. Truſty, take care of my lord's ſecond marriage for that child's ſake: ſhe pointed as well as ſhe could to you; you fell a crying, and ſaid, ſhe ſhould not die; but ſhe did, my lord; ſhe left the world, and no one like her in it. Forgive me, my honoured maſter, [*Weeps, runs to my lord, and hugs him.*] I've often carried you in theſe arms that graſp you, they were ſtronger then, but if I die to-morrow you're worth five thouſand pounds by my gift, 'tis what I've got in the family, and I return it to you with thanks—but alas, do I live to ſee you want it?

Ld. Har. You confound me with all this tenderneſs and generoſity.

Truſt. I'll trouble you no longer, my lord——but——

Ld. Har. Call it not a trouble; for——

Truſt. My good lord, I will not, I ſay, indulge myſelf in talking fond tales that melt me, and interrupt my ſtory: my buſineſs to your lordſhip in one word, is this; I am in good confidence at preſent with my Lady Dowager, and I know ſhe has ſome fears upon her, which depend upon the nature of the ſettlement to your diſadvantage; and under the roſe——be yourſelf—I fear your father has not had fair play for his life; be compoſed my lord. What is to be done in this? We'll not apply to public juſtice in this caſe, till we ſee farther; 'twill make it noiſy, which we muſt not do, if I might adviſe. You ſhall, with a detachment of your company, ſeize the corſe as it goes out of the houſe this evening to be interred in the country, 'twill only look like taking the adminiſtration upon yourſelf, and commencing a ſuit for the eſtate; ſhe has put off the lying in ſtate, and Lady Harriot's eſcape with Mr. Campley makes her fear he will prove a powerful friend, both to the young ladies and your lordſhip. I know your whole affair, leave the care of Lady Charlot to me, I'll pre-acquaint her, that ſhe mayn't be frightned, and diſpoſe of her ſafely to obſerve the iſſue.

Ld. Har. I wholly underſtand you, it ſhall be done.

Truſt. I'm ſure I am wanted this moment for your intereſt at home. This ring ſhall be the paſſport of intelligence, for whom you ſend to aſſault us.

Ld. Har. 'Tis very well.

Truſt. Hope all you can wiſh, my lord, from a certain ſecret relating to the eſtate, which I'll acquaint you with next time I ſee you. [*Exit.*

Ld. Har. Your ſervant—This fellow's ſtrangely honeſt—Ha! Will.

Enter Trim.

—Will, don't the recruits wait for me to ſee them at their parade before this houſe?

Trim. Yes, and have waited theſe three hours.

Ld. Har. Go to them, I'll be there myſelf immediately, we muſt attack with them, if the rogues are ſturdy, this very evening.

Trim. I gueſs where—I'm overjoyed at it. I'll warrant you they do it, if I command in chief.

Ld. Har. I deſign you ſhall.

[Trim *runs out jumping.*

Enter Trim, *with a Company of ragged Fellows, with a Cane.*

1 *Sol.* Why then, I find, Mr. Trim, we ſhall come to blows before we ſee the French——

Trim. Hark'e, friend, 'tis not your affair to gueſs or enquire what you are going to do, 'tis only for us commanders——

2 *Sol.* The French! pox, they are but a company of ſcratching civet-cats—They fight!

Trim. Hark'e, don't bluſter——were not you a little miſtaken in your facings at Steenkirk?

2 *Sol.* I grant it; you know I have an antipathy to the French——I hate to ſee the dogs——Look you here, gentlemen, I was ſhot quite through the body——Look you.

Trim. Pr'ythee, look, where it entered at your back.

2 *Sol.* Look you, Mr. Trim, you will have your joke, we know you are a wit—But what's that to a fighting man?

Enter Kate.

Kate. Mr. Trim—Mr. Trim——

Trim. Things are not as they have been, Mrs. Kate, I now pay the company——and we that pay money expect a little more ceremony——

Kate. Will your honour pleaſe to taſte ſome right French brandy?

Trim. Art thou ſure, good woman, tis right? [*Drinks.*]—How—French—pray—nay, if I find

you deceive me, who pay the men———

[*Drinks.*

Kate. Pray, good maſter, have you ſpoke to my lord about me?

Trim. I have, but you ſhall ſpeak to him yourſelf—thou haſt been a true campaigner, Kate, and we muſt not neglect thee----Do you ſell grey peaſe yet of an evening?---Mrs. Matchlock———

[*Drinks again.*

Kate. Any thing to turn the penny, but I got more by crying pamphlets this year, than by any thing I have done a great while---Now I am married into the company again, I deſign to croſs the ſeas next year. But, maſter, my huſband, a Temple porter, and a parliament-man's footman, laſt night by their talk made me think there was danger of a peace; why, they ſaid all the prime people were againſt a war.

Trim. No, no, Kate, never fear, you know I keep great company; all men are for war, but ſome would have it abroad, and ſome would have it at home in their own country.

Kate. Aye, ſay you ſo! drink about, gentlemen, not a farthing to pay; a war is a war, be it where it will---but pray, Mr. Trim, ſpeak to my lord, that when theſe gentlemen have ſhirts I may waſh for them.

Trim. I tell you, if you behave well to-night, you ſhall have a fortnight's pay each man as a reward; but there's none of you induſtrious, there's a thouſand things you might do to help out about this town---as to cry---puff---puff-pies. Have you any knives or ſciſſars to grind---or late in an evening, whip from Grub-ſtreet ſtrange and bloody news from Flanders-----votes from the Houſe of Commons---buns, rare buns-----old ſilver lace, cloaks, ſuits, or coats-----old ſhoes, boots or hats. But here, here, here's my lord a coming----here's the captain; fall back into the rank-- There, move up in the centre.

Enter Lord Hardy *and* Campley.

Ld. Har. Let me ſee whether my ragged friends are ready and about me.

Kate. Enſign Campley, Enſign Campley, I am overjoyed to ſee your honour; ah, the world's ſurely altered, ah.

Cam. It is ſo, 'faith, Kate; why art thou true to the cauſe, with the company ſtill, honeſt Amazon?

Kate. Dear ſoul, not a bit of pride in him; but won't your honour help me in my buſineſs with my lord? Speak for me, noble enſign, do.

Cam. Speak to him yourſelf, I'll ſecond you.

Kate. Noble captain, my lord, I ſuppoſe Mr. Trim has told your honour about my petition, I have been a great ſufferer in the ſervice; 'tis hard for a poor woman to loſe nine huſbands in a war, and no notice taken; nay, three of them, alas, in the ſame campaign, here the woman ſtands that ſays it, I never ſtripped a man till I firſt tried if he could ſtand on his legs, and if not, I think 'twas fair plunder, except our adjutant, and he was a puppy that made my eighth huſband run the gauntlet for not turning his toes out.

Ld. Har. Well, we'll conſider thee, Kate; but fall back into the rear. A roll of what! gentlemen ſoldiers.

Trim. [*To* Bumpkin.] Do you hear that! my lord himſelf can't deny but we are all gentlemen as much as his honour———

Ld. Har. [*Reading.*] Gentlemen ſoldiers quartered in and about Guy Court in Vinegar Yard, in Ruſſel Court in Drury Lane; belonging to the honourable Captain Hardy's company of foot-----So, anſwer to your names, and march off from the left----Corporal Swagger, march eaſy that I may view you as you paſs by me---Drums, Simon Ruffle---Darby Tattoo--- there's a ſhilling for you----Tattoo, be always ſo tight: how does he keep himſelf ſo clean?

Trim. Sir, he is a tragedy-drum to one of the play-houſes.

Ld. Har. Private gentlemen----Alexander Cowitch, Humphrey Mundungus, William Faggot, Nicholas Scab, Timothy Megrim, Philip Scratch, Nehemiah Duſt, Humphrey Garbage, Nathaniel Matchlock.

Cam. What, is Matchlock come back to the company? that's the fellow that brought me off at Steenkirk.

Ld. Har. No, Sir, 'tis I am obliged to him for that---[*Offering to give him money.*] There, friend; you ſhall want for nothing, I'll give thee a halbert too.

Kate. O brave me! ſhall I be a ſerjeant's lady---i'faith, I'll make the drums, and the corporal's wives, and company-keepers, know their diſtance.

Cam. How far out of the country did you come to liſt? Don't you come from Cornwall? How did you bear your charges?

Match. I was whipped from conſtable to conſtable———

Trim. Aye, my lord, that's due by the courteſy of England, to all that want in red coats; beſides, there's an act that makes us free of all corporations, and that's the ceremony of it.

Cam. But what pretence had they for uſing you ſo ill, you did not pilfer?

Match. I was found guilty of being poor.

Cam. Poor devil!

Ld. Har. Timothy Ragg---Oh, Ragg! I thought when I gave you your diſcharge, juſt before the peace, we ſhould never have had you again; how came you to liſt now?

Rag. To pull down the French king.

Ld. Har. Bravely reſolved---in the mean time---Jeoffrey Tatter---what's become of the ſkirts and buttons of your coat?

Tat. In our laſt cloathing, in the regiment I ſerved in before, the colonel had one ſkirt before, the agent one behind, and every captain of the regiment a button.

Ld. Har. Huſh you rogue, you talk mutiny.

[*Smiling.*

Trim. Aye, ſirrah, what have you to do with more knowledge than that of your right-hand from your left? [*Hits him a blow on the head.*

Ld. Har. Hugh Clump---Clump, thou groweſt a little too heavy for marching

Trim. Aye, my lord, but if we don't allow him the pay, he'll ſtarve, for he's too lame to get into the hoſpital.

Ld. Har. Richard Bumpkin: Ha! a perfect country hick------How came you, friend, to be a ſoldier?

Bump. An't pleaſe your honour, I have been croſſed in love, and am willing to ſeek my fortune.

Ld. Har. Well, I've ſeen enough of them; if you mind your affair, and act like a wiſe general, theſe fellows may do---come, take your orders. [Trim *puts his hat on his ſtick, while my lord is giving him the ring, and whiſpers orders.*] Well, gentlemen, do your buſineſs manfully, and nothing ſhall be too good for you.

All. Bleſs your honour.

[*Exeunt* Ld. Har. *and* Campley.

Trim. Now, my brave friends and fellow-soldiers----[*Aside.*]---I muſt fellow-ſoldier them juſt before battle, like a true officer, though I cane them all the year round beſide---[*Strutting about.*] Major-General Trim; no, pox, Trim ſounds ſo very ſhort and priggiſh---that my name ſhould be a monoſyllable! But the foreign news will write me, I ſuppoſe, Monſieur or Chevalier Trimont. Seigneur Trimoni, or Count Trimuntz, in the German army, I ſhall perhaps be called; aye, that's all the plague and comfort of us great men, they do ſo toſs our names about----But, gentlemen, you are now under my command---Huzza! thrice---faith, this is very pleaſing, this grandeur! why, after all, it is upon the neck of ſuch ſcoundrels as theſe gentlemen, that we great captains build our renown---A million or two of theſe fellows make an Alexander, and as that my predeceſſor ſaid in the tragedy of him on the very ſame occaſion, going to ſtorm for his Statira, ſo do I for my dear ſempſtreſs, Madam d'Epingle.

When I ruſh on, ſure none will dare to ſtay;
'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way.

ACT V.

Enter Truſty *and* Lord Brumpton.

Truſt. SHE knows no moderation in her good fortune---You may hear her and Tattleaid laugh aloud---She is ſo wantonly merry.

Ld. B. But this of Lady Charlot is the very utmoſt of all ill———

Truſt. She writ it by the page, who brought it me, as I had wheedled him to do all their paſſages.

Ld. B. [*Reads.*]

"You muſt watch the occaſion of the ſervants being gone out of the houſe with the corſe; Tattleaid ſhall conduct you to my Lady Charlot's apartment----away with her---and be ſure you bed her———Your affectionate ſiſter,

MARY BRUMPTON."

---Brumpton---The creature---ſhe called as Frank's mother was? Brumpton! the ſucceba! What a devil incarnate have I had in my boſom! Why, the common abandoned town-women would ſcruple ſuch an action as this---This is to forget her very humanity----her very ſex-----Where is my poor boy? where's Frank? does not he want? how has he lived all this time?---not a ſervant I warrant, to attend him----what company can he keep! what can he ſay of his father!

Truſt. Though you made him not your heir, he is ſtill your ſon---and has all the duty and tenderneſs in the world for your memory———

Ld. B. It is impoſſible, Truſty, it is impoſſible----I will not rack myſelf with the thought. That one I have injured can be ſo very good----keep me in countenance---tell me he hates my very name---wou'd not aſſume my title, becauſe it deſcends from me———What's his company?

Truſt. Young Tom Campley, they are never aſunder.

Ld. B. I am glad he has my pretty tattler---the chearful, innocent---- Harriot----I hope he'll be good to her---he's good-natured and well-bred----

Truſt. But, my lord, ſhe was very punctual in ordering the funeral---ſhe old Sab'e be ſure to lay you deep enough---ſhe had heard ſuch ſtories of the wicked ſexton's taking up people---but I wiſh, my lord, you would pleaſe to hear her and Tattleaid once more———

Ld. B. I know to what thy zeal tends----but I tell you, ſince you cannot be convinc'd but that I have ſtill a ſoftneſs for her---I ſay, tho' I had ſo, it ſhould never make me tranſgreſs that ſcrupulous honour that becomes a peer of England---if I could forget injuries done myſelf thus groſs---I never will thoſe done my friends---You knew Charlot's worthy father---no---there's no need of my ſeeing more of this woman----I behold her now with the ſame eyes that you do---there's a meanneſs in all ſhe ſays or does---ſhe has a great wit, but a little mind----ſomething ever wanting to make her appear my Lady Brumpton---ſhe has nothing natively great---you ſee I love her not---I talk with judgment of her.

Truſt. I ſee it, my good lord, with joy I ſee it; nor care how few things I ſee more in this world---my ſatisfaction is compleat----welcome old age----welcome decay---'tis not decay, but growth to a latter being. [*Exit, leading* Ld. B.

Re-enter Truſty *meeting* Cabinet.

Truſt. I have your letter, Mr. Cabinet.

Cab. I hope, Sir, you'll believe it was not in my nature to be guilty of ſo much baſeneſs---and had I not writ to you, I am ſure I never could have told you of it.

Truſt. It is an ingenious, pious penitence, in you. My Lord Hardy (to whom this ſecret is inеſtimable) is a noble-natured man, and you ſhall find him ſuch, I give you my word———

Cab. I know, Sir, your integrity———

Truſt. But pray be there----all that you have to do, is to aſk for the gentlewoman at the houſe at my Lord Hardy's---ſhe'll take care of you. And pray have patience, where ſhe places you, till you ſee me. [*Exit* Cab.] My Lord Hardy's being at an houſe where they receive lodgers, has allowed me convenience to place every body, I think neceſſary, to be at her diſcovery------This prodigious welcome ſecret! I ſee, however impracticable honeſt actions may appear, we may go on with juſt hope.

All that is ours, is to be juſtly bent,
And Heav'n, in it's own cauſe, will bleſs th' event.

[*Exit.*

Enter Widow *in deep Mourning, with a dead Squirrel on her Arm, and* Tattleaid.

Wid. It muſt be ſo---It muſt be your careleſneſs----What had the page to do in my bed-chamber?

Tat. Indeed, Madam, I can't tell----But I came in and catch'd him wringing round his neck----

Wid. Tell the raſcal from me-----he ſhall romp with the footmen no more----No---I'll ſend the rogue in a frock to learn Latin among the dirty boys that come to good---I will---But it is ever ſo among theſe creatures that live on one's ſuperfluous affections; a lady's woman, page, and ſquirrel, are always rivals.

Poor harmleſs animal---pretty e'en in death.
Death might have over-look'd thy little life——
How couldſt thou, Robin, leave thy nuts and me?
How was't, unfortunate deareſt, thou ſhould'ſt die?

Tat. Alas! alas! we are all mortal: conſider, Madam, my lord's dead too.

Wid. Aye, but our animal friends do wholly die; an huſband or relation, after death, is rewarded, or tormented——that's ſome conſolation——I know her tears are falſe, for ſhe hated Robin always——[*Aſide.*] But ſhe's a well-bred diſhoneſt ſervant, that never ſpeaks a painful truth—But I'll reſolve to conquer my affliction——Never ſpeak more of Robin——Hide him there—But to dreſs---How ſoberly magnificent is black---and the train---I wonder how widows came to wear ſuch long tails!

Tat. Why, Madam, the fatalist of all creatures has the longest tail, the peacock; nay it has of all creatures the finest men too---except your ladyship, who are a phœnix---------

Wid. Oh! brave Tattleaid---But did not you observe what a whining my Lady Sly made, when she had drank a little? Did you believe her? Do you think these are really people sorry for their husbands?

Tat. Really, Madam, some men do leave their fortunes in such distraction, that I believe it may be---------- [*Speaks with pins in her mouth.*

Wid. But I swear I wonder how it came up to dress us thus----I protest, when all my equipage is ready, and I move in full pageantry, I shall fancy myself an ambassadress from the common-wealth of women, the distressed state of Amazonia---to treat for men----But I protest I wonder how two of us thus clad can meet with a grave face-----methinks they should laugh out like two opponent lawyers that know each other for cheats.

Tat. Ha! ha! ha! I swear to you, Madam, your ladyship's wit will choke me one time or other---I had like to have swallowed all the pins in my mouth---[*A noise within*---Bring him along, bring him along.]

Wid. Ha! what noise is that-----that noise of fighting---Run, I say---Whither are you going---What, are you mad----Will you leave me alone----Can't you stir---What, you can't take your message with you---Whatever 'tis, I suppose you are not in the plot; not you---Nor that now they're breaking open my house for Charlot-----Not you----Go see what's the matter I say, I have nobody I can trust. [*Exit* Tattleaid.] One minute I think this wretch honest, and the next false----Whither shall I turn me?

Tat. Madam---Madam. [*Re-entering.*

Wid. Madam, Madam! will you swallow me gaping-------

Tat. Pray, good my lady, be not so out of humour---But there is a company of rogues have set upon our servants and the burial-man, while others ran away with the corse-------

Wid. How, what can this mean! what can they do with it!

Enter Trusty, *and a* Servant *bloody and dirty, haling in* Clump *and* Bumkin.

Ser. I'll teach you better manners---I'll poor soldier you---you dog you, I will---Madam, here are two of the rascals that were in the gang of rogues that carried away the corpse-------

Wid. We'll examine them apart---Well, sirrah, what are you? whence came you? what's your name, sirrah? [Clump *makes signs as a dumb man.*

Ser. O, you dog, you could speak loud enough just now, sirrah, when your brother rogues mauled Mr. Sable-------we'll make you speak, sirrah-------

Wid. Bring the other fellow hither-------I suppose you will own you knew that man before you saw him at my door?

Clump. I think I have seen the gentleman's face. [*Bowing to* Bumkin.

Wid. The gentleman's! the villain mocks me---But, friend, you look like an honest man, what are you? whence come you? What are you, friend?

Bum. I'se at present but a private gentleman, but I was lifted to be a serjeant in my Lord Hardy's company-------I'se not ashamed of my name, nor of my kountin-------

Wid. Leave the room all.

[*Exeunt all but* Trusty *and* Tattleaid.

---Mr. Trusty---Lord Hardy! O that impious young man---thus, with the sacrilegious hands of ruffians to divert his father's ashes from their urn, and rest---I suspect this fellow. [*Aside.*] Mr. Trusty, I must desire you to be still near me-----I'll know the bottom of this, and go to Lord Hardy's lodgings as I am, instantly---'Tis but the backside of this street, I think---Let a coach be called---Tattleaid, as soon as I am gone---conduct my brother and his friends to Lady Charlot, away with her---bring Madamoiselle away to me---that she may not be a witness---Come, good Mr. Trusty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Hardy, *leading* Lady Harriot; Campley *and* Trim.

L. Har. Why then, I find this Mr. Trim is a perfect general---But were not you saying, my lord, you believed Lady Brumpton would follow hither? if so, pray let me be gone-------

Ld. H. No, Madam; I must beseech your ladyship to stay, for there are things alledged against her, which you, who have lived in the family, may perhaps, give light into, and which I can't believe even she could be guilty of.

L. Har. Nay, my lord, that's generous to a folly, for even for her usage of you (without regard to myself) I am ready to believe she would do any thing that can come into the head of a close, malicious, cruel, designing woman.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lady Brumpton's below-------

L. Har. I'll run then-------

Cam. No, no, stand your ground; you are a soldier's wife. Come, we'll rally her to death-------

Ld. Har. Pr'ythee, entertain her a little, while I go in for a moment's thought on this occasion. [*Exit.*

L. Har. She has more wit than us both-------

Cam. Pshaw, no matter for that-------Be sure, as soon as the sentence is out of my mouth, to clap in with something else-------and laugh at all I say; I'll be grateful, and burst myself at my pretty witty wife-------We'll fall in slap upon her-------she shan't have time to say a word of the running away.

Enter Lady Brumpton *and* Trusty.

---O, my Lady Brumpton, your ladyship's most obedient servant. This is my Lady Harriot Campley-------Why, Madam, your ladyship is immediately in your mourning-------Nay, as you have more wit than any body, so (what seldom wits have) you have more prudence too-------Other widows have nothing in readiness but a second husband-------but you, I see, had your very weeds and dress lying by you---

L. Har. Aye, Madam; I see your ladyship is of the order of widowhood, for you have put on the habit-------

Wid. I see your ladyship is out of the profession of virginity, for you have lost the look on't-------

Cam. You're in the habit-------That was so pretty, nay, without flattery, Lady Harriot, you have a great deal of wit. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Har. No, my Lady Brumpton here is the woman of wit; but indeed she has got but little enough, considering how much her ladyship has to defend. Ha! ha! ha!

Wid. I am sorry, Madam, your ladyship has not what's sufficient for your occasions, or that this pretty gentleman can't supply them-------[Campley *dancing about and trolling.*] Hey-day! I find, Sir, your heels are a great help to your head-------They relieve your wit, I see; and I don't question but ere now they have been as kind to your valour; ha! ha!

Cam. Pox, I can say nothing, 'tis always thus with your endeavours to be witty. [*Aside.*] I saw, Madam, your mouth go, but there could be nothing

offered in anſwer to what my Lady Harriot ſaid---'Twas home——'Twas cutting ſatire——

L. Har. Oh, Mr. Campley!---But pray, Madam, has Mr. Cabinet viſited your ladyſhip ſince this calamity—How ſtands that affair now?

Wid. Nay, Madam, if you already want inſtructions—I'll acquaint you how the world ſtands, if you are in diſtreſs—but I fear Mr. Campley overhears us.

Cam. And all the tune the pipers played, was toll-toll-doroll—I ſweat, Lady Harriot, were I not already yours, I could have a tendre for this lady.

Wid. Come, good folks, I find we are very free with each other—What makes you two here? Do you board my lord, or he you? Come, come, ten ſhillings a head will go a great way in a family—— What do you ſay, Mrs. Campley, is it ſo? Does your ladyſhip go to market yourſelf?—Nay, you're in the right of it—Come—can you imagine what makes my lord ſtay?—He is not now with his land ſteward—not ſigning leaſes I hope; ha! ha! ha!

Cam. Hang her! to have more tongue than a man and his wife too—— [*Aſide.*

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. Har. Becauſe your ladyſhip is, I know, in very much pain in company you have injured—I'll be ſhort---Open thoſe doors----there lies your huſband's, my father's body, and by you ſtands the man accuſes you of poiſoning him!

Wid. Of poiſoning him!

Truſt. The ſymptoms will appear upon the corſe.

Ld. Har. But I am ſeized by nature- -How ſhall I view a breathleſs lump of clay---Him whoſe high veins conveyed to me this vital force and motion.
I cannot bear this ſight——
I am as fix'd and motionleſs as he——

[*They open the coffin, out of which jumps* Lady Charlot.

Art thou the ghaſtly ſhape my mind had form'd!
Art thou the cold inanimate---Bright maid!
Thou giv'ſt new higher life to all around.
Whither does fancy, fir'd with love convey me!
Why is my fair unmov'd---My heav'nly fair;
Does ſhe but ſmile at my exalted rapture?

L. Char. Oh, ſenſe of praiſe to me unfelt before!
Speak on, ſpeak on, and charm my attentive ear:
How ſweet applauſe is from an honeſt tongue!
Oh, how I joy in thee!——
Nor now with fond reluctance doubt to enter
My ſpacious, bright abode, this gallant heart.

[*Reclines on* Hardy.

L. Har. Aye marry——theſe are high doings indeed, the greatneſs of the occaſion has burſt their paſſion into ſpeech——Why, Mr. Campley, when we are near theſe fine folks, you and I are but mere ſweethearts——I proteſt——I'll never be won ſo; you ſhall begin again with me.

Cam. Pr'ythee, why doſt name us poor animals! They have forgot there are any ſuch creatures as their old acquaintance Tom and Harriot.

Ld. Har. So we did indeed, but you'll pardon us.

Cam. My lord, I never thought to ſee the minute wherein I ſhould rejoice at your forgetting me, but now I do heartily. [*Embracing.*

L. Char. Harriot. } [*Embracing.*
L. Har. Charlot. }

Wid. Sir, you're at the bottom of all this——I ſee you're ſkill at cloſe conveyances——I'll know the meaning inſtantly of theſe intricacies; 'tis not your ſeeming honeſty and gravity ſhall ſave you from your deſerts——My huſband's death was ſudden---You and the burial fellow were obſerv'd very familiar——Produce my huſband's body, or I'll try you for his murder; which I find you'd put on me, thoſe helliſh engine!

Truſt. Look you, Madam, I could anſwer you, but I ſcorn to reproach people in miſery——you're undone——Madam——

Wid. What does the dotard mean? Produce the body, villain, or the law ſhall have thine for it—— [*Exit* Truſty, *haſtily.*] Do you deſign to let the villain eſcape? How juſtly did your father judge, that made you a beggar with that ſpirit---You mention'd juſt now you could not bear the company of thoſe you'd injured.

Ld. Har. You are a woman, Madam, and my father's widow——But ſure you think you've highly injured me.

[*Here my* Lord *and* Truſty *half enter, and obſerve.*

Wid. No, Sir, I have not, will not injure you---I muſt obey the will of my deceaſed lord to a tittle. I muſt juſtly pay legacies. Your father, in conſideration that you were his blood, would not wholly alienate you---He left you, Sir, this ſhilling, with which eſtate you now are Earl of Brumpton.

Ld. Har. Inſolent women——It was not me my good father diſinherited, 'twas him you repreſented. The guilt was thine, he did an act of juſtice.

Lord Brumpton *entering with* Truſty.

Ld. B. Oh, unparalleled goodneſs!

Wid. What do I ſee! my lord, my maſter, huſband living!

Ld. B. [*Turning from her, running to his ſon.*] Oh, my boy, my ſon——Mr. Campley——Charlot——Harriot. [*All kneeling to him.*] Oh, my children——I ſhall expire in the too mighty pleaſure! my boy!

Ld. H. A ſon! an heir! a bridegroom in one hour! Oh, grant me, Heaven, grant me moderation!

Wid. A ſon, an heir! Am I neglected then?
What! can my lord revive, yet dead to me?
Only to me deceaſed——to me alone?
Deaf to my ſighs, and ſenſeleſs to my moan?

Ld. B. 'Tis ſo long ſince I have ſeen plays, good Madam, that I know not whence thou doſt repeat, nor can I anſwer.

Wid. You can remember though a certain ſettlement, in which I am thy ſon and heir——great noble, that I ſuppoſe not taken from a play, that's as irrevocable as law can make it.

Truſt. Value her not, my lord, a prior obligation made you incapable of ſettling on her, your wife.

Ld. B. Thy kindneſs, Truſty, does diſtract thee——I would indeed diſengage myſelf by any honeſt means; but, alas! I know no prior gift that avoids this to her!

Truſt. Look you, Madam, I'll come again immediately——Be not troubled, my dear lords——

[*Exit.*

Cam. Truſty looks very confident, there is ſome good in that.

Re-enter Truſty *with* Cabinet.

Cab. What, my Lord Brumpton living? nay, then——

Truſt. Hold, Sir, you muſt not ſtir, nor can you, Sir, retract this for your hand-writing——My lord, this gentleman, ſince your ſuppoſed death, has lurked about the houſe to ſpeak with my lady, or Tateleaid, who upon your deceaſe have ſhunned him, in hopes, I ſuppoſe, to buy him off for ever. ——Now as he was prying about, he peeped into your cloſet——where he ſaw your lordſhip reading——ſtruck with horror, and believing himſelf (as well he might) the diſturber of your ghoſt for alienation of your fortune from your family——he writ me this letter, wherein he acknowledges a pri-

vate marriage with this lady, half a year before you ever ſaw her.

All. How! [*All turn upon her diſdainfully.*

Wid. No more a widow then, but ſtill a wife.

[*Recovering from her confuſion.*

I am thy wife——thou author of my evil.
Thou that could'ſt tell me, good and ill were words,
When thou could'ſt baſely let me to another,
Yet could'ſt ſee ſprites, great unbeliever!
Coward! bug-bear'd penitent———
Thou voluntary cuckold!
Thou diſgrace to thy own ſex, and the whole hu-
May ſcorn and beggary purſue thy name, [man race!
And dark deſpair cloſe up a life of ſhame.

[Cabinet *ſneaks off.* Widow *flings after him,* Tattleaid *following.*

Ld. B. I ſee you're all confuſed as well as I——Ye are my children——I hold you all ſo. And for your own uſe will ſpeak plainly to you. I cannot hate that woman; nor ſhall ſhe ever want. Tho' I ſcorn to bear her injuries——yet had I ne'er been rouzed but by diſdain of her attempt on my friend's child.——I am glad that ſcorn's confirmed by her being that fellow's——whom for my own ſake I only will contemn.——Thee, Truſty, how ſhall we proſecute with equal praiſe and thanks for this great revolution in our houſe.

Truſt. Never to ſpeak on't more, my lord.

Ld. B. Now, gentlemen, let the miſeries which I have but miraculouſly eſcaped, admoniſh you to have always inclinations proper for the ſtage of life you are in.

You who the path of honour make your guide,
Muſt let your paſſion with your blood ſubſide.
And no untim'd ambition, love, or rage,
Employ the moments of declining age;
Elſe boys will in your preſence loſe their fear,
And laugh at the grey head they ſhould revere.

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